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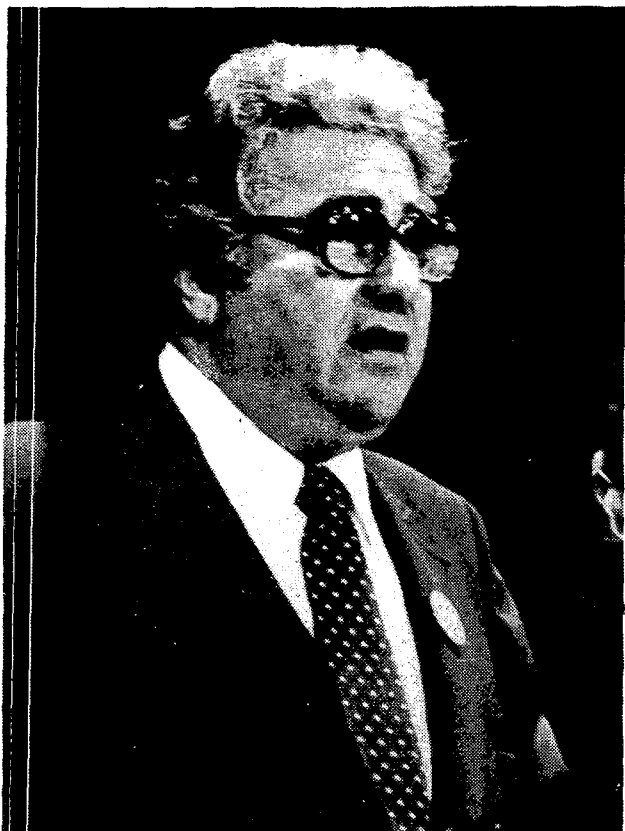
**"The U.S.  
would destroy  
Europe  
to save  
capitalism!"**



*Will the real  
Woody  
Guthrie  
please  
sing out?*



# THE INSIDE STORY



David Moberg

Frank Martino, president of the International Chemical Workers Union.

## Labor's strategies for the future

By David Moberg

Even if it weren't the chronologically convenient start of a decade, even if George Meany's death hadn't served as a symbol of a passing era, the leaders of the U.S. labor movement would be worriedly discussing labor's prospects for the coming years. Publicly some may try to conceal their anxieties, but privately only the most out-of-touch could fail to acknowledge that unions are facing very hard times and that the old formulas aren't working.

Called to a conference on the University of Michigan campus by a small group of students, a number of labor leaders—mainly from the left end of the spectrum—confronted the question "Labor in the '80s: Plight or Prosperity?" on Jan. 18-19. Around 1100 people, including 400 students, took part.

Overwhelmingly speakers stressed the need to confront the massive corporate power that labor leaders increasingly see as a threat to all that they have gained—what Machinist president William Winpisinger excoriated as the "corporate state." In the past many of them have seen those big corporations as at least potential partners, despite periodic sparring.

More significantly, there was much talk of the need for labor to gain control of capital and the planning of investments.

"We are going to have a reliable economy when we decide as a people to develop national, social and economic priorities—spelling out our goals, measuring and metering our resources, training the untrained," Lynn R. Williams, international secretary of the Steelworkers, said. "The labor movement must go beyond its traditional role of simply reacting to injury. We must find mechanisms...to give us direct input into the decision-making apparatus."

The Steelworkers, like many unions, are especially concerned about plant closings. They support legislation such as the Ford-Riegle bill that would enforce some restraints on shutdowns.

Martin Gerber, vice-president of the Auto Workers, sounded a more far-reaching note of alarm: "The real threat is the international mobility of capital," he said. "In the coming years we're going to have to move from an industrial union perspective to an international perspective," just as the labor movement once moved from craft to industrial unionism. With multina-

tional companies such as Ford, which earns two-thirds of its profits overseas, with the interchangeability of parts and the development of products such as the "world car," one-nation unionism has become "outmoded," Gerber said.

### Pension power.

Many union leaders—including Michigan building trades representative Stan Arnold, speaking on behalf of Robert Georgine, head of the AFL-CIO building trades department—have become excited about the possibility of winning greater control over union pension funds, most of which are controlled by employers or governments at the state and local level. They are also outraged when they hear of their pension money being used against them.

For example, Randy Barber, co-author of *The North Will Rise Again*, reported that Iowa Beef, a vigorously anti-union firm that has weakened unionized meatcutters and was on the AFL-CIO boycott list, had as its second largest stockholder the Central Pennsylvania Teamsters Pension Fund.

"We never looked at anything but the portfolio and the bottom line before," Arnold said. "Now there's excitement. We realize we can control this money." Although building trades frequently have 50 percent control of their pension funds (the maximum allowed by law for unions), most other unions will have to fight for control. The International Chemical Workers did fight and win in two small companies recently. Chemical Workers president Frank Martino identified control over the "huge pools of capital" in pension funds as "the fight of the future" and "a very key element in finding the economic muscle to enforce our moral decisions for constructing a just society."

"The investment decisions of a U.S. Steel are more important than any decision of the Michigan state legislature," Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee chairman Michael Harrington told the conference, "and to say that is 'private' is crazy." His prescriptions for moving toward more public control includes price controls (not wage controls), more union representation on corporate boards, an expanded public enterprise sector (such as building railroads and solar energy facilities), the Ford-Riegle bill and resistance to expanded cold war military spending.

### Winning recruits.

Second only to control of capital as a theme for the '80s was organizing the unorganized, especially in the South and among the expanding service and clerical sectors. That requires a special emphasis on the 42 million in the workforce of whom less than 6 million are union members. Gloria Jordan of the Electrical Workers (IUE), emphasized that labor "must see that women are not only organized but organizers" and that such organizing will require attention to child care, sexual harassment and advocacy of alternative work patterns to succeed. But the main slogan of union women for the '80s will be "equal pay for work of comparable value," an attempt to raise wages in those mainly female occupations where there are too few men to set a standard of "equal work."

The South still remains the key to labor organizing, despite the weakness of unions in many other regions. Gloria Jordan, vice-president of the tiny Local 882 of the Chemical Workers in Laurel, Miss., stirred the audience with her account of the 11-month strike by Sanderson Farm workers against a particularly tyrannical boss. (*ITT*, Sept. 5, 1979) "It's good to hear this just to be reminded of how things really are," one spectator said to a friend as Jordan catalogued the company's abuses, which spurred the audience to pledges of money and support.

Many of the problems facing the labor movement in

the next decade, unfortunately, don't have the same dramatic, romantic appeal of fighting for the miserably downtrodden.

The struggle at Sanderson Farms has been used by the Chemical Workers to stir up good old-time union solidarity, but Martino in his less than five years at the head of the 85,000-member union has done more than that. Besides taking on the pension issues, the union has been fighting vigorously for controls on hazardous substances, for research on genetic dangers to workers and for prohibition of companies' ultimatum to women workers that they be sterilized or else lose their jobs. Martino also loaded the union's last convention with a full roster of socialist speakers to give the secondary leadership an education in corporate power and socialist alternatives.

"Most of our workers are very intelligent and well-educated," Martino says. "They've been demanding more of us. And I've really been enjoying this." Reactivating the organized, as the Chemical Workers are doing, is as essential for the '80s as bringing new workers into the union fold.

### From coalition to what?

The conference itself was symbolic of labor's efforts to reach out for new allies, another of the major themes. Gerber and Martino were among the speakers to offer criticism of flaws in labor's record, especially in Vietnam, that have alienated supporters. The presence of organizers from environmentalist, citizen action, feminist and socialist groups, as well as the pitch made to students, contributed to the continuing evolution of a broader coalition of interests.

But the implicit agenda for labor in the conference speeches had a number of weak spots. One was the relative absence of demands for extending democracy and control down into the workplace as a key ingredient in the overall conception of work that must be part of the defense against corporate power and of the development of alternatives. Rebuilding the labor movement, organizing many of the new sectors, creating alternative plans for investment and stimulating a democratic revival in politics all require attention to guaranteeing meaningful, satisfying work.

There was also a disconcerting, if understandable, fuzziness about the political vehicle of this new coalition. The demands for greater control of capital, for example, obviously require political action beyond traditional collective bargaining. But there was little talk of what that politics would be. The fleeting reference to Ted Kennedy wasn't especially well-received (even getting some boos), and nobody said anything good about Carter. William Lucy, secretary-treasurer of AFSCME (public workers), lamented the declining participation in politics and the unreliability of politicians. If the parties don't deliver, he concluded, "labor should join with other interested groups to form alternative political mechanisms." But what? And when?

A.H. Raskin, the retired *New York Times* labor reporter, argues in recent issues of *John Herling's Labor Letter* that a social contract between capital and labor is the best that can be hoped for in the '80s, but the tone of the speeches at the conference was closer to Martino's belief that "the boss's interests and workers' concerns are very different."

One implicit contract, in part the legacy of the New Deal and in part the product of post-war prosperity, has already broken down. That is why labor leaders were worrying about "plight or prosperity?" Does the future hold the possibility or desirability of another contract? If so, what kind? Or can labor lead the way toward public, democratic—that is, socialist—control of capital?

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### EDITORIAL

James Weinstein, Editor; John Judis, David Moberg, Associate Editors; Lee Aitken, News Editor; Patricia Aufderheide, Cultural Editor; Mark Naison, Sports; Wilfred Burchett, (Asia & Africa); Diana Johnstone, (Paris); David Mandel (Jerusalem); Chris Mullin (London); Bruce Vandervort, (Geneva), Foreign Correspondents; Steve Ross-wurm, Librarian.

### BUREAUS

BOSTON: Sid Blumenthal, 8 Thayer Place, Brookline, MA 02146, (617) 738-9707.  
DENVER: Timothy Lange, P.O. Box 6159, Denver, CO 80206, (303) 388-3850  
NEW YORK: George Carrano, Jon Fisher, 784

Columbus Ave., New York, NY 10025, (212) 865-7638.

### ART

Tom Greensfelder, Director; Jessie Bunn, Associate Director; Dolores Wilber, Assistant Director; Jim Rinnert, Ann Barnds, Composition; Pam Rice, Camera; Ken Firestone, Photographer.

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# Carter, Bush clean up in the Iowa caucuses

By John Judis

DES MOINES

**E**MMETSBURG, IOWA, RADIO station KEMP-FM conducted a "cess poll" at noon, Jan. 21. They asked local Carter supporters and then Kennedy supporters to flush their toilets. Emmetsburg's Public Works director noted a one inch drop in the water level from Carter supporters, but no drop at all from Kennedy supporters. "I don't know how scientific our poll really was," a KEMP official said, "but it appears that Kennedy is in deep water up here."

The KEMP poll would have been merely a humorous sidelight to the Iowa caucuses, except that Emmetsburg (population 4,150) is the seat of Palo Alto County, a northern Iowa farm county that has not voted wrong in the presidential election since 1892. Its Norwegian, German, and Irish farmers are about evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats.

On Jan. 21, they gave Carter 62 percent of the caucus vote to 26 percent for Kennedy, with the rest uncommitted. They also gave former CIA head George Bush 42 percent of the vote to 31 percent for the pre-election favorite Ronald Reagan.

The state results mirrored those of Palo Alto County. Jimmy Carter got 59 percent to Kennedy's 31 percent, and George Bush, at last county, had 31.5 percent to Reagan's 25.5 percent.

A Bush-Carter contest in November, as presaged by the Palo Alto results, would be a repeat performance of the 1976 Ford-Carter contest, except, with Carter now standing approximately where Ford did in 1976 and Bush where Reagan stood, the debate will have shifted even farther to the right.

## The ACORN strategy

The only group on the left that could rationally claim a victory in Iowa was ACORN, the 30,000-family public interest organization that has chapters in 19 states, including Iowa. Since last summer, when its St. Louis convention adopted a platform for 1980, ACORN has been trying to supplement its purely local activity with a national focus on the presidential campaign.

It decided, however, not to back any candidate, but instead to concentrate on winning support for a commission within the Democratic party that would establish the same kind of delegate quotas for low and moderate income people that now exist for minorities and women. ACORN's Des Moines and Davenport chapters organized door-to-door to gain support for the commission within the caucus precinct meetings.

They also successfully pressured both Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy to support the commission. Kennedy even promised in a letter to instruct his delegates to support an ACORN resolution at next August's convention in New York.

ACORN got a resolution on the commission adopted in 44 of Des Moines' 55 precincts and 27 of 33 Davenport precincts.

ACORN founder and chief organizer Wade Rathke explained the rationale

Carter's victory over Kennedy partly reflected the farm-city, white collar-blue collar, old-young, conservative-liberal split that previous voter polls had detected among their respective adherents. Carter did best in rural counties where his margin over Kennedy was as high as six-to-one, while only barely beating him in the cities. In Des Moines' largest blue-collar precinct, Kennedy got a five-to-three margin over Carter.

But Carter cut substantially into Kennedy's blue-collar and urban support. He won decisively in Black Hawk County, where Kennedy had major Democratic endorsements and the support of the United Auto Workers in Waterloo. And he took largely Catholic blue-collar Dubuque.

Carter's widespread support was the result of the Iranian seizure of hostages and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Carter received the support that traditionally accrues to presidents at the beginning of foreign policy crises. (John F. Kennedy's public support increased right after the Bay of Pigs fiasco.) But Carter also managed to use the crisis politically for all it was worth.

Carter aides like to cite Harry Truman's 1948 victory in explaining Carter's comeback. They seem to have consciously followed Truman's script. Last fall, Carter made his peace with the AFL-CIO leadership. With Iran and Afghanistan, he has fueled war fears with one hand, while demonstrating his "coolness" with the other.

In Iowa, doves as well as hawks rallied to Carter's side. "Kennedy would have had us in a war in three days," Des Moines insurance agent Sam Gazzo said. "Carter is cool. He's got the Russians in the same position in Afghanistan that we were in in Vietnam. I love that."

The grain embargo did not diminish Carter's support even though a majority

for the commission. "We say that we don't care who you are for for president. Unless our people get in and get representation, the whole thing will continue to be a farce."

## More Iowans turn out

Iowans used to have the New Hampshire primary thrown up to them as the first "real" test of the presidential campaign. But the massive turnout last week gave the Iowa caucuses a new legitimacy.

To vote in the caucuses, Iowa Democrats and Republicans had to attend one of 5,062 precinct meetings on the evening of Jan. 21. Once there, they were divided into groups according to their candidate preferences, and the respective numbers were reported back to the Republican and Democratic state committees.

In 1975, the Iowa caucuses attracted less than five percent of registered voters. In 1980, they attracted more than 20 percent. The total, somewhere over 200,000, exceeded the 194,055 voters in the 1976 New Hampshire primary.

The large turnout also minimized the influence of special interest groups. In 1976, almost half of Jimmy Carter's caucus support was drawn from the 50,000-member UAW. In 1980, Kennedy was relying on labor to overcome Carter's overall lead among the voting public.



"Running mates."

of Iowa's farmers oppose it. In a typical pre-election editorial, the *Lee County News* criticized the embargo, but supported Carter's initiative and political courage in calling for it.

At the post-election Kennedy party, Iowa campaign manager Paul Tully explained the Kennedy defeat in one word — "Ayatollah." Asked to elaborate, Tully said, "There was no give-and-take on issues. Every news show was Russian tanks. People didn't hear anything Kennedy was saying. It was like organizing in mud."

In Iowa, Kennedy also suffered from the constant public examination of Chapquiddick and from the incoherency of his own campaign.

In the face of purported opposition to "big government," Kennedy reduced his past liberalism to a "concern for the people" and a pledge that he "could make a difference." He opposed the grain embargo and initially the Olympic boycott. At the same time, he implied that Carter was not standing up to the Russians enough.

In a Jan. 10 speech in Council Bluffs, he conjured up the threat of imminent war to demonstrate his own toughness. "I think it ought to be very clear to the Soviets that we, as a society, will not permit any interruption of our oil supply in the Middle East and that any movement toward that interruption would mean the involvement of a major armed conflict." (This statement rivals Carter's absurd assertion that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has created the "greatest threat to world peace since World War II.")

Kennedy's campaign brought this frustrated response from liberal *Des Moines Register* columnist Donald Kaul. "It's not so much that Teddy and the rest have the wrong ideas, it's that they have no ideas at all."

## A two-man race.

George Bush's surprising success was partly the result of a vintage 1975-76

Carter-type campaign, which saw Bush spending 31 full days in Iowa prior to the election compared to just 41 hours for Ronald Reagan. Bush's early efforts also picked up key endorsements and enlisted an army of young volunteers.

But Bush's principal virtue lay in his ability to span the moderate-conservative gap. Moderate Iowa Republicans appreciated his support for ERA and his flexibility on welfare issues. (Bush refused to go along with Reagan's proposal that welfare costs and administration be shifted back to the states.) Conservatives liked his CIA background, his promise to get tough with the Russians, and his commitment to a balanced budget and annual reductions in the corporate income tax.

The election results showed a certain moderate-conservative split among Bush and Reagan supporters. While Reagan edged Bush in some rural counties (the same ones that Carter won decisively), Bush soundly defeated Reagan in the cities and college towns. In Scott County, where Davenport is located, Bush won by two-to-one. In Johnson City, where the Univ. of Iowa is, Bush won by eight-to-one.

But Bush also won some reputedly conservative towns like Marshall and counties like Palo Alto. And in Des Moines Precinct 74, where Iowa's richest families live, he won the battle of the bourgeoisie against John Connally.

At Bush's post-election party, many Bush supporters expressed the same inchoate sentiments about their candidate that Carter supporters had expressed in 1976. "He has dignity," one supporter said in answer to why he had worked for Bush. "I like his personal life, his sincerity," another replied.

But a young middle-class couple from Des Moines captured the essence of the Bush supporter. "I see in him a leader, a very strong hand, and somebody who can win," Ray Bagg said. "I like Reagan as a

Continued on page 5.



# IN SHORT



The House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) has been dead for five years, and Feb. 23 a group of Chicagoans who helped bury it will celebrate.

Pictured above are (left to right) Rep. Karl Mundt, R-S.D., who co-sponsored the 1950 Internal Security Act, Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, R-N.J., a former HUAC chair sentenced to six-to-18 months in jail after quitting office during a 1948 payroll padding scandal, chief HUAC investigator Robert Stripling, Rep. John McDowell, R-Pa., and then-California GOP Congressman Richard Nixon.

HUAC—euphemized in 1969 as the House Internal Security Committee—was the official government arm of the Joe McCarthy era. It had been a part of the American scene, however, since the 1930s, and had instigated witchhunts in the late

'40s and early '50s including the Hollywood 10 and Alger Hiss before the Wisconsin senator emerged as the nation's leading Grand Inquisitor.

The Chicago Committee to Defend the Bill of Rights plans to show the HUAC-produced film "Operation Abolition" including scenes of "students toying with treason" and being fire-hosed down the steps of San Francisco's City Hall.

A featured speaker at the anniversary celebration will be Frank Wilkinson, a prime mover against HUAC and now director of the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation.

For more details, contact The Chicago Committee to Defend the Bill of Rights, 407 S. Dearborn St. Suite 530, Chicago, Ill. 60605. Telephone 312/939-0675.

## Detroit cancels rape lie tests

Under strong public pressure the Detroit police department has cancelled plans to resume polygraph testing of alleged rape victims. Citing community opposition and the possible detrimental impact of the tests on the reporting of sexual assaults, police chief William Hart announced the abrupt reversal to a packed meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners January 10.

Earlier that day, about 45 people picketed Detroit police headquarters, including city council members Maryann Mahaffey and Ken Cockrel. The Detroit based Women's Justice Center and Detroit NOW, instrumental in opposing the tests, said the political climate of the city was sympathetic—from the active support of four city council members to a degree of sensitivity within the Coleman Young administration.

Critics charged that lie detector tests have been administered disproportionately to complainants in sex crimes. Figures show that in 1978, over half the alleged crime victims asked to submit to a test—41 out of 71—were rape victims.

"It takes a lot of guts to report a rape in the first place," Jan Leventer, Legal Director of the Women's Justice Center told IN THESE TIMES. She accused Detroit police of operating "a double-standard of credibility for women."

Polygraphs have been used in the past in the warrant seeking process; if the alleged victim failed the test it was not likely a warrant would be issued, although polygraphs are not admissible court evidence. Leventer called the basic issue "access to

the courts" and claimed in such cases "a box is being substituted for a jury."

The Women's Justice Center filed suit October 1978 challenging the use of the tests, naming both the department and the Detroit-area Wayne County prosecutor as defendants. In January 1979, Detroit police voluntarily discontinued the practice and dropped out of the suit. Police announced December 3 that it intended to resume the tests in March 1980, however.

—Ron Williams

## Sex and violence promoting halted

Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW) says it has ended its nearly three year long boycott of record publisher Warner Communications, Inc., after convincing the company to stop using violent images of women on album covers and promotion, but says it will continue to pressure other record companies.

Warner, whose promotion of a Rolling Stone album included an outdoor billboard showing a bound-up female proclaiming she was "Black and Blue from the Rolling Stones and I love it," (ITT, March 14, 1979) said the recording conglomerate now "opposes the depiction of violence, against women or men, on album covers and in related promotional material."

WAVAW's Joan Howarth said her group commends the formal announcement and expects it to have "an important impact on advertising policy throughout the record industry...and on the media industry as a whole."

A spokesperson at WAVAW's Los Angeles office said her group considered

two recent album releases—Cher's *Prisoner*, showing the female singer bound in chains, and Foreigner's *Head Games*, depicting a woman in a men's public toilet—to be the most offensive new offerings on the market.

She added, however, that the Foreigner album, on the Warner subsidiary Atlantic label, was in production before the company and WAVAW reached their agreement.

## Unionists aid ERA in South

Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) supporters take some satisfaction from two recent developments in their battle for ratification in the South, but in the eighth year of work for the ERA, victory is still far from certain.

The Georgia Senate voted down the ERA 23 to 32 on Jan. 21, effectively killing it for this year in President Carter's home state, but backers of the amendment claimed a victory in simply getting the bill out of committee, where it has long languished after earlier defeats. They also were pleased with a growing mobilization of supporters in Georgia.

Labor unions, including the Steelworkers, United Food and Commercial Workers, and the Virginia Education Association, initiated a march estimated at 8,000 in Richmond, Va., on Jan. 13. Although supporters came from many states and from feminist, non-union groups, the rally for ERA drew a very strong contingent of Virginia workers, including many men, such as the two-busload delegation of Steelworkers from the beleaguered Newport News shipyard.

Labor unions have participated in many pro-ERA activities, but a spokes-

person at ERA America in Washington believed that this was the only labor-initiated and oriented demonstration since an earlier, smaller one in Virginia two years ago.

Alice Peurla, president of United Steelworkers Local 65 in South Chicago, told the Richmond marchers even if the ERA is ratified, the fight for equal rights won't be over.

"The passage of laws are necessary," Peurla said, "but it takes struggle to give those laws meaning."

## Group seeks equal time against PG&E

A coalition of environmental groups led by the Environmental Defense Fund has asked the Federal Communications Commission to order nine California TV stations to provide free air time to counter advertising claims of the San Francisco-based Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E).

Ten other California stations have carried the counterspots, running one for about every three commercials by the utility.

PG&E ran a 1978 series of ad spots at a cost of \$900,000, giving the company's arguments for more electric power plants in California.

The alternative spots—created by San Francisco's Public Media Center, warned that the utility "thinks you have money to burn" and said alternative energy sources such as solar power were cleaner, safer and cheaper.

A lawyer for the Environmental Defense Fund said "we're sorry to have to file this complaint, but it's our last chance to get the message out. We have the facts, but not the budget."



# IN THE NATION

## POLITICS

# Citizens Party kicks off campaign

good crowd in Detroit hears  
erry Commoner  
sail corporate  
ontrol of energy  
licy and outline  
e platform of  
new voter  
alition.

By Ron Williams

DETROIT

**W**HEN WE STARTED the Citizens Party we said well, if Ted Kennedy runs we'll lose a lot of votes. But after a couple of years in the campaign we'll realize that he's like any other politician and then we will raise our voice again and start working. You know what Kennedy's done for us? He has compressed those two years into two months.

erry Commoner, unofficial presidential candidate, was addressing an enthusiastic audience at what he called the first meeting of the newly formed Citizens Party in the country. Although he was thirty miles away in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Winpisinger and Michael Harrington were speaking the same evening, and people crowded into the Central Baptist Church's auditorium in downtown Detroit to hear Commoner bring his message to the 1980 presidential race.

## Iowa

Continued from page 3.

not but not as a leader."

Bagg had to be prodded to talk about specific Bush policies. "Bush has embargoed all the way with the Russians," Bagg said. "And he would create inflation, which is caused by government creating unneeded jobs."

"I think he'd put more responsibility in the states," Heidi Bagg added. "What I like, I appreciate his honesty on some of the emotional issues like the ERA."

## Finally finished.

Iowa results did not doom Reagan. He still has an extensive campaign network that he built in 1976. Bush remains a threat among anti-abortion zealots, who usually favor Reagan, and among more ideological conservatives ("Bush would draw a sword on the Washington establishment," conservative columnist Phillips astutely observed.) And Howard Baker, who rallied to come second with 13 percent of the vote, may stay in the race long enough to sway the moderate vote. But as Reagan campaign manager John Sears acknowledged, Iowa has made it a "two-man race."

The biggest Republican loser in Iowa was Sen. Robert Dole, who could garner 2.5 percent in a neighboring farm



Over 500 people turned out to hear Commoner in downtown Detroit.

Among those sharing the podium was Detroit City Council member Ken Cockrel, there to present Commoner with a testimonial resolution passed unanimously by the council honoring the Washington University biologist for "the kind of innovative thinking urban America and Detroit stand in need of." Cockrel, also an Executive Board member of the Detroit Alliance for a Rational Economy (DARE), while not endorsing the party's efforts, expressed interest in exploring "whether we can be material supporters."

This was the first exposure to the Citizens Party for most of the audience, generally comprised of activists of one sort or another. They were there to learn. Not part of the program but in attendance, were Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.) and Human Rights Party founder Zolten Ferency, who in 1978 won 25 percent of the vote running as a socialist in the Democratic primary for governor.

Commoner, claiming that the American people were sick and tired of the image makers and "wavey hair and flashy teeth," vowed to conduct a campaign based on issues. He charged that neither Democrats nor Republicans are able to deal with the country's problems "because they are unwilling to come to grips with the one issue that lies behind every one of them—and that issue is the stranglehold that the big corporations have on the economy."

Detailing how the pursuit of profit by the multi-nationals in sector after sector of the economy has had disastrous results, he called for workers, consumers and city governments to gain access to the corporate boardrooms of America and exercise what he termed "preventive regulation."

Speaking in a city with 10 percent unemployment, 30 percent of the population on public assistance, 200,000 auto workers on indefinite layoff and not yet recovered from a harrowing glimpse of economic disaster with Chrysler, Commoner got down to nuts and bolts. Calling the Carter gasohol program "more likely to produce windfall profits than alcohol," he urged the adoption of controls on prices and profits before doing anything.

Advocating the use of solar and agricultural-based energy to meet the country's current crisis and future needs, the scientist-turned-candidate insisted that engines could be run on fuel made of 33 percent alcohol within a few years if research and development was put toward that end. In fact, he stated that with new cellulose-based technology, engines may eventually be able to run entirely on alcohol.

Commoner suggested putting auto workers back to work to manufacture the

crucial missing links to any national gasohol program—standard alcohol stills, sized and designed for on-farm operation. "I think what we need is a self-defense alliance between the auto workers and the farmers. It will begin to compete with the oil industry's ability to sell gasoline, it will begin to show that we don't have to depend on these huge corporations for our energy supply, we can get them from the farm in a constant supply at a steady price."

**Party organization.**  
The Citizens Party faces a monumental task nationally. Critically underfinanced and with a shell of an organization in many states, it appears to be in an unlikely position to mount an effective national campaign in the next ten months. Party strategists concede that it is in the northern industrial states that the big votes exist.

In Michigan, merely gaining access to the ballot will be a formidable accomplishment. No "minor" party has succeeded in doing so since the passage of the McCullough Act in 1976. To get on the ballot for the August 3 primary, the barely-organized state chapter must get 18,000 valid signatures distributed over nine congressional districts by June 3. In that primary almost 4,000 voters must vote Citizens Party to have it listed on the November ballot.

Talking to state organizers the morning after the rally, Commoner again clarified the target constituency of the new party. Saying the party should have no illusions of contesting Coleman Young's hold on the black vote nor the UAW's hold on labor, he urged the group to go directly after the state's share of the 50 million Americans who have never voted before.

With the active support of DARE and other community groups in the cities, the ability to channel the state-wide anti-nuclear network into a supportive role, and the ability to capitalize on the third party tradition established in the '60s by the Human Rights Party, the Citizens Party will attempt to become the locus of an independent electoral coalition in Michigan.



## UNIONS

## National union drive targets DuPont

**Steelworkers hold out for a companywide contract to avoid pitfalls of plant-by-plant elections.**

By Dave Lindorff

KINSTON, N. C.

**T**HIS TOWN IS NOT FOND of unions. Of the 30,000 people in the local labor force, only a handful of construction workers and truck drivers pay union dues. School children here, as in many Southern towns, learn to equate unions with the mob, the Communist Party or both. Pastors attack trade unionism from their pulpits, and one congregation, during an unsuccessful organizing effort several years ago, printed up fliers that labelled organizers "agents of the devil." So people were kind of surprised recently when the marquis of the Holiday Inn on Highway 70, stated boldly: "Welcome United Steelworkers."

The greeting had been spelled out at the request of motel guest John Kitchen, a soft-spoken West Virginia coalminer turned union organizer, and one of the people assigned by the Steelworkers to organize the 65,000 workers of the E.I. DuPont de Nemours and Company, an \$8 billion multinational chemical corporation. Kitchen was one of three men the union sent to Newport News, Va. a few years ago to organize the Newport News



Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company owned by Tenneco.

Now he has a bigger challenge: to help organize DuPont, one of the last great family enterprises in America, and a company that has successfully battled organized labor for 177 years. In the last 69 certification elections at various of its plants nationwide, DuPont has beaten the unions 65 times. In Kinston, where the company's 3,000-employee textile fibers plant hires 10 percent of the local workforce, drives by both the textile workers and the chemical workers unions have been handily defeated during the last decade.

But all of these past union efforts have involved only one plant at a time, which has made it easier for DuPont to ride out

strikes, shift production to other sites, or shift personnel around to keep struck plants in operation. To combat such tactics, the Steelworkers Union is conducting campaigns at all DuPont plants simultaneously to organize an entire industry or company are not new. What makes the Steelworkers' drive significant is that so many of DuPont's plants are in the South.

The union's grand strategy has made things more difficult for Kitchen and his fellow organizers, who now have to spend much of their time explaining to impatient local supporters that they will have to move slowly. The union now claims to have signed a majority of workers at the Kinston plant, as it has at many DuPont facilities during its four-

year effort, but it won't ask the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) to hold any certification elections until it has majorities at every major DuPont site.

"We've learned the hard way that can't beat DuPont plant by plant," Kitchen said. "They're so top-heavy supervisors that they can run any plant even with every worker out on strike. We've got to do this all at once on a nationwide basis, and go for a companywide master contract."

The following day, Kitchen presided over a meeting in the Holiday Inn conference room. About 50 workers showed up, many for the first time. As they gathered in the parking lot, some appeared nervous. From the safety of their cars pickups, they scanned the lot suspiciously for company spies. One by one, as noticed the big welcome sign on the building, they would straighten up and walk to the door. One young black man earnestly, "This union sounds good. They could easily win right now, but better not wait too long or they'll lose it." It was his first meeting. Afterwards, he asked Kitchen to sign him up as an organizer.

The Kinston Holiday Inn doesn't have too many black patrons. But nearly a third of the workers at the session were black, and, setting aside the local segregation code, they mingled easily with their white co-workers.

It had been a big day for the organizing committee. For the first time at the Kinston plant, local workers stood on company property on their own off and handed out more than 100 union fliers without incident. Now everyone at the meeting signed cards endorsing the union, and about a dozen asked to become organizers.

#### Safety first.

National organizers like Kitchen are crucial to this kind of drive, but the

*Continued on page 7*

## PRISONS

## Report bolsters Reidsville Brothers defense

By Sydne Silverstein

NEW YORK

**F**OLLOWING A SEPTEMBER 1979 mistrial in one murder case involving the deaths of a prison guard and two white inmates in the Georgia State Prison in Reidsville, and the acquittal of another defendant in December, a federal District court judge on January 7 gave prison administrators 45 days to correct unsafe, unhealthy and racist conditions in the prison. The order was based on a Special Monitor's report of violations of state regulations and of the constitutional rights of prisoners.

The acquittal of James A. Collins, the fourth of six black inmates to be tried on murder and aggravated assault charges growing out of a July 1978 rebellion at Reidsville, and James Andrew Johnson's earlier mistrial are virtually unprecedented in the South. In Johnson's mistrial, the jury was deadlocked 10 to two for acquittal. The two holdouts for conviction were wives of Reidsville prison guards, one of whom had been on duty throughout the rebellion in which the killings occurred.

The 1978 rebellion was the culmination of many years of interracial violence at Reidsville, dating from the integration of this maximum security facility. Because of the violence, the prison was ordered desegregated by federal court order on July 3, 1978 and remained segregated until February 1979. With the prison ablaze with rumors of impending

race war immediately after the resegregation order, black prisoners attempted to force a meeting with Governor George Busbee by taking two white guards hostage. This triggered the riot, during which Guard Dan Harrison was stabbed 57 times. He and two white prisoners died. James A. Collins, Moses Evans, Case Johnson, Forest A. Jordan, Jesse A. Whitaker and James Andrew Johnson—all black "troublemakers" who had protested prison conditions—were then singled out from more than 200 participants in the disturbance and charged with murder. The death penalty was sought against all six.

In his report, Special Monitor Vincent M. Nathan wrote that the July 23 riot had "triggered a reign of terror in the prison, the effects of which continue to be felt" to this day. For at least several months following the riot, Nathan added, "extensive misuse of force occurred on a daily basis. Most of this activity was directed against black inmates."

Nathan's conclusion, based on testimony by staff as well as prisoners, seems to lend credence to defense attorneys' claims that evidence against the six "Reidsville brothers" was beaten out of inmates. So does the fact that state witnesses were transferred out of Reidsville, for their protection and also to their advantage.

Whitaker, the first prisoner against whom the death penalty was sought, was found guilty and received three consecutive life sentences in May 1979; Jordan was found guilty and received a life sentence August; Johnson's mistrial fol-

lowed in September and Collins' acquittal came in early December in Penbrooke in Bryon County (after he won a change of venue).

In retrospect, Johnson's trial was the turning point in the Reidsville Brothers' judicial saga. His trial coincided with Prison Appreciation Week in Reidsville. The 9,000-acre prison is the largest employer in the county and there was a lot of appreciation. Banners flew from businesses opposite the courthouse, and the prison road gang, supervised by shotgun-carrying guards, tended the courthouse grounds. Of the one hundred perspective jurors fifty-two had family, neighbors or friends working at the prison; of the forty-two jurors Judge Emory Findley found qualified, thirty-seven were connected by employment to the prison.

A request for a change of venue was denied Johnson. The chief witness for the prosecution was prison guard George Smith, who asked what kind of clothing Johnson was wearing when Smith allegedly saw him stabbing Harrison, said that if he sees a herd of brown cows in a field he can't tell one from another. Then Joseph Boyd, a Reidsville Prison inmate convicted of rape and sodomy, testified that he "overheard" Johnson admit killing Harrison. Johnson's clothes, though confiscated, were never tested for bloodstains. Johnson's requests for a polygraph test, made at the time of the investigation, had been denied.

In his closing remarks, prosecuting District Attorney Dupont Cheney urged the jury to decide the case not on what it had heard in the courtroom but on what

it knew. Judge Findley interceded to admonish the prosecutor and correct the charge the jury.

After forty-five minutes the reported itself hopelessly deadlocked to two. Instructed to try again returned later that day with the same result. Judge Findley became furious insisted that they reach a verdict, sequestered them overnight. Defenses assumed that the holdouts were the four blacks on the jury who could see their ways clear to sentence Johnson to electrocution. The next day it was revealed that the majority of the jurors wanted to acquit Johnson—the holdouts were the wives of the prison guards. Judge Findley announced a mistrial.

Prosecution then tried to strike a second blow: a guaranteed ten-year sentence Johnson would plead guilty. Johnson refused.

Since Collins' acquittal, the state moved to try the two untried Reidsville Brothers, Moses Evans and Case Johnson, along with James Andrew Johnson. If all three cases are heard together the death penalty will be dropped; otherwise it will be sought. State has come to that a change of venue should be granted. At defense request, Judge Findley withdrew from the case and has been replaced by Judge Robert L. Scott, who hopes to hear the case in late March. Whitaker and Jordan's life sentences are being appealed.

Sydne Silverstein is on the editorial staff of *The Nation*.



By Fred Halliday

LONDON

WITHIN A MONTH OF THE Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, the pattern of response by both the major world powers is becoming clear. While the United States is lurching from one histrionic but ineffective reaction to the other, with the Carter administration showing its customary weather-vane instability, the Russians are digging in at home and in Afghanistan to consolidate their position and let the turbulence of world opinion sort itself out in the coming months. The Soviet presence in Afghanistan indicates what they intend to do. According to Western sources, 85,000 troops is far too much to subdue Afghanistan completely. Something in excess of 200,000 would be needed for that. Rather, the Russians are entrenching themselves in order to buy time—two to three years—to rebuild the Afghan army and administration and then retreat, leaving behind a backbone of civilian and military personnel that will support the Afghan state structures.

Despite their rhetoric and undoubtedly real enthusiasm, the guerrillas are armed, episodic in their military moves, and unable to mount a serious, sustained campaign against the Russians. The Soviet troops will certainly have a tough time in the spring and summer of 1980, with the rebels at the height of their abilities and the Afghan army in disarray, but the Russians are likely to sit this out, making some punitive moves against the strongholds of the opposition but not trying to wipe it out in a large-scale counter-insurgency campaign.

A key question is whether this state-of-war operation can work in a two-to-three year period. Some of the new government members, communications minister Watanjar and defense minister Abdul-Qader al-Agha are officers with standing followings inside the army, and the present defections may be only a temporary morale and loyalty problem. On the other hand, Afghan nationalist opposition to the Russian intervention is strong, has corroded the rest of the state machine and will certainly take time to decrease.

#### Retreat in sight.

Nothing indicates that the Russians are retreating now. Their move into Afghanistan was designed to consolidate the already-existing pro-Soviet regime and was in considerable difficulties, partly because of its own mistakes and partly because of the counter-revolutionary assistance given the rebels by Pakistan and China. The Russians did not want to go on indefinitely a fraction of the Soviet empire, but having gone in they will not be moved, either by the short-term hostility of the Chinese or by the grand gestures of an American president seeking reelection. In reaction to the grain embargo, the Chinese have been resigned but tough: "We survive White interventions after 1917 and invasions by Hitler's forces in 1941,"

as stated in his *Pravda* interview, "we'll certainly survive this one." The call to move the Olympic games is an even more two-sided move. Ordinary people don't see sport as a political issue, and when in 1973 the Moscow government cancelled the Russian football team's participation in the World Cup because it would have played in Chile, this was greatly understood. Now, if the Moscow Olympics are topped or undermined by Carter's move, the blame will fall squarely on the shoulders of the man from Plains. The Russians will certainly refuse to play the games anywhere else and the only ally in Russia who will salute the president's decision will be that small but vitally vocal minority in the security apparatus who didn't want the games to go to Moscow anyway, because this would be likely to expose the Moscowite connection to suspicious contacts with the Chinese.

The other part of the U.S. response, the aid to the hand-chopping dictator

## IN THE WORLD

### U.S. FRIENDS & ALLIES TOGETHERNESS CLUB



'DEAR FRIENDS, I HAVE A LIST OF BOYCOTTS AND SANCTIONS FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION... ER, FRIENDS AND ALLIES, ER... SANCTIONS AND BOYCOTTS AGAINST THE SOVIET... FRIENDS, COULD I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION... ER..'

## US moves won't sway Soviets

of Pakistan, General Zia, is also a dubious move. Zia is hated in Pakistan by two groups of people: the supporters of murdered premier Ali Bhutto, who still follow his People's Party, and the members of the minority nationalities, the Pathans and the Baluchis, who resent the domination of Pakistan by the Punjabi military and bureaucratic elite.

Zia has just announced that there won't be elections for years and the U.S. is now looking around for someone to replace him. The most obvious candidates are two other generals, Iqbal Khan and Faz Chisti, both of whom are expected, if they take over, to reach some agreement with the People's Party and to apologize for the death of Bhutto. A third candidate is the influential commander of the northwest frontier forces along the Afghan border—himself a Pathan—General Faz al-Haq. But no accommodation is likely with the militant Baluchis who have had up to 100,000 Pakistani troops stationed in their homelands for the past few years.

While some of their traditional leaders such as Khair Baksh Marri and Bizenjo have made their peace with the Islamabad generals, there is growing militancy among younger Baluchis, who share this new mood with their fellow Baluchis in Iran and Afghanistan. This issue is normally seen in uniquely strategic terms, as part of a Russian pressure on Pakistan, but the Russians have little influence in Pakistani Baluchistan and less since they went into Afghanistan.

The other dimension of the new U.S. solution for Pakistan is to bring in Saudi Arabia in a new way. The Saudis have agreed to finance up to \$500 million worth of U.S. military aid for Pakistan and to give substantial economic aid, in return for Pakistani help in enforcing 'security' in Saudi Arabia. The Pakistanis have already been supplying air force pilots and security advisers to the Saudis and they have now agreed to provide up to 15,000 troops for the Saudis, the latter being shaken in the wake of recent riots in the oil fields and the spectacular capture of the Grand Mosque in Mecca.

The Saudis are dealing themselves into the game by reviving their old project for an international Islamic pact, i.e. a rag-bag of zealots and tyrants who will use oil money and Islamic ideology to push counterrevolution throughout the Muslim world. This idea failed once, in the 1960s, and has already split off Muslim countries like Syria, Algeria, and Iraq who now refuse to attend the jamboree planned to take place in Pakistan on

January 26.

This disunity among the Muslim states, compounded by the factionalism of the Afghan rebels, is also reflected in Western response to Carter's new hard line. The Japanese want nothing to do with it, and there is a growing revulsion in that country against what are seen as three decades of slavishly pro-American policy. In Europe neither the French nor the Germans will go along with the Olympic boycott or similar economic moves,

and even the frenzied Mrs. Thatcher has gone back on her original promises to pursue boycotts vis-a-vis Russia and Iran. Trade with the Eastern bloc is good for business, and NBC has insured their Moscow Olympics contract for an eight-figure sterling amount on the London insurance market. Jimmy Carter may be riding high in the Iowa precincts but he is running into a lot of trouble in his attempt to drag the rest of his ramshackle following in Europe and Asia into line. ■

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## NORTHERN IRELAND

# Britain pulls back on economic aid, new investment

By Dennis O'Hearn

BELFAST

**"W**HEN ARE THE British going to get out of here?" is one of the most frequently asked questions concerning Northern Ireland. Surprisingly, the answer seems quite clear—the British are already withdrawing from Ireland. The troops are still here—they just built a new fort in Republican West Belfast. But economically, the stakes are getting too high for Britain.

The Irish Republican Army Provincial wing would say "we're winning the economic bombing campaign" (the Provos hardly bother to bomb factories these days, just banks and office buildings). And Ian Paisley says "the Protestant people of Ulster are being sold down the river by Westminster."

To a degree they are both right.

Because of generous British incentives, businessmen who wish to locate in Northern Ireland face big profits, but evidently wonder if it's still worth the risk. In the average case, a multinational entering Northern Ireland will pay only 10 percent of corporate set-up costs.

The government grants about 80 percent of the initial capital in addition to huge tax breaks. As a result, a new firm can make huge profits for a few years, regardless of how well it performs.

Because of this, most new firms in Nor-

*Demolition has cut Belfast's housing stock by 13 percent, but no new construction is planned.*



thern Ireland are fly-by-night ventures that pull out as soon as they've milked the government subsidies. Many people here think former General Motors executive John DeLorean's private auto plant sited for Northern Ireland will do the same, perhaps producing cars for a couple of years. At any rate, with a cost to the state of over \$50,000 per job, many people think the DeLorean plant is a rip-off.

Very few companies locate long-term in the North, despite subsidies and low labor costs. (In Europe, only Spain and Por-



tugal have lower wages). At the same time, factories are closing down in droves, especially in the declining shipbuilding and textile industries. In the past five years, the town of Newry has lost 11 of its largest factories—nine of them British-owned—putting 2,000 people out of work. Recently, three companies announced their intention to cut 1,200 jobs in Carrickfergus. As a result, unemployment there is expected to double by next year.

Harland and Wolff, the company that built the steamship Titanic and the largest industrial employer in Northern Ireland, will close in five years. So, too, will many divisions of the area's second largest company, Shorts Aircraft.

Increasingly, the jobs that are lost belong to skilled Protestant workers in the rapidly declining industrial sector. For the first time, the British government is unwilling—or unable—to prop up loyalist-dominated industries.

Yet the worst of the economic decline still hits the Catholic population. Unemployment is worst in Catholic areas like Newry (25 percent) and Strabane, with 30 percent. In the Falls area of Belfast, a fourth of the heads of households have never had work and the jobless rate is an astonishing 60 percent. In Catholic West Belfast as a whole, the unemployment rate stands at about 50 percent.

In the face of industrial decline, the

British have decided on a virtual moratorium on social expenditure. Working class areas of Belfast look post-war Berlin, not because of bombing, but due to the British bulldozer. In the past seven years in the Falls Grosvenor areas of the Catholic inner city the number of dwellings decline by 2.66 percent, respectively. And in Belfast there has been an overall 13 percent decline in housing over the same period.

New apartment buildings have thrown up as cheaply as possible. For Belfast's largest housing developments—all less than 15 years old—planned to be torn down due to faulty structures, broken sewers and rampant diseases are expected to worsen.

The only way out appears to be migration, with one of every seven residents

leaving Belfast over the past seven years.

As a part of its economic pullout British government refuses to fund important economic projects in the province. Recently, when top loyalist leader requested a gas pipeline be built from Britain to Northern Ireland, they were refused. Energy costs are much higher in the North than in England due to transportation costs. If industry is to be all viable, these costs—especially gas—must be reduced.

All the while, the industrial infrastructure is collapsing. Newry's canal and for example, have been shut down. The town's railroad link was removed in 1965, Newry has been isolated. Large industry can hardly be expected to locate in a town without adequate transportation.

The British government is spending most of its money in Northern Ireland to feed the coffers of fly-by-night multinational firms and to maintain its troops. Meanwhile, the working class without work and adequate housing, the economic infrastructure of the province crumbles.

In a leaked military report known as Document 37, Britain's high command admitted that it can never defeat the Republican Army and the INLA. In light of the apparent moratorium on aid and investment to the North, the British may hope that worsening economic conditions will force the loyalists into negotiation with the South on British terms.

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## FRANCE

# Party dissent over Marchais' Moscow trip

By Diana Johnstone

PARIS

**H**AS GEORGE MARCHAIS finally gone too far? Has his astounding apology for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, broadcast direct from Moscow over French television, upset his followers enough to stir a revolt that could transform the French Communist Party (PCF)?

Some French socialists clearly hope so.

This rather wild hope explains the mild, turn-the-other-cheek reaction of the French Socialist Party to the copious insults Marchais, visibly warmed to his task by the liquid hospitality for which Russians are famous, heaped on French Socialists in the course of his Jan. 11 Moscow television performance.

The act seemed well timed to throw the Socialist convention that opened the next day into a tizzy of anti-Communism and enforce the party's right-wing minority around Pierre Mauroy and Michel Rocard, ready to abandon the left unity strategy as impossible in the face of Communist intransigence.

On the contrary, the Socialists kept cool and closed ranks to resist what they took as a provocation. The Socialist left seemed to interpret Marchais's excesses as a freak-out that showed the effectiveness of their own strategy of putting pressure for change on the Communists through demands for left unity.

The Socialist left majority is convinced more than ever that Marchais wants to push the Socialists to the right and get them to choose Rocard over Francois Mitterrand as their candidate in France's presidential elections next year—the better to preserve PCF hegemony over the French working class from Socialist inroads.

Former Communist Jean Popere, whose brother is in the PCF leadership, assured the converging Socialists that French Communists have already changed and will change more if only Socialists keep up the pressure.

"Today, Communist leaders still hope we'll be the one to crack first, that we'll give up the fight for unity and abandon the left to them. The terrible test they have put us to is decisive," Popere told his fellow Socialists. "This time, one or the other must win—either the policy of unity represented by the Socialist Party or the policy of disunion, of scorched earth and destruction, pursued by Communist leaders," he said.

Socialists carefully stressed the distinction between PCF leaders and "the vast majority of Communist Party members and voters who aspire to left unity."

Mitterrand himself went on television with a more-in-sadness-than-anger appeal to Communists and voters to restore left unity. Stressing that he would not seek a "stamp of approval from either Moscow or Washington" for his candidacy, Mitterrand meant the second round Communist votes needed to win the presidency in 1981. To help make the point, Mitterrand was accompanied to the TV studios by octogenarian wartime resistance leader Charles Tillon, who has long been driven out of the PCF for "Titoism."

What most shocks the European left about Marchais's Moscow trip is his endorsement of the notion that world Socialist advancement depends on expansion of the "Soviet bloc" at the expense of the "imperialist camp"—that Europe has no independent role to play.

Italian Communist leaders were reportedly aghast when Marchais stopped

in Rome on his way to Moscow to deliver this message to them. Since this is diametrically opposed both to the Eurocommunism of the Italian party and the nonalignment of the Yugoslavs, it would be surprising indeed if certain unhappy Eurocommunists within the PCF were not seeking eventual support against their party's current leadership in Rome and even in Belgrade.

By now, there is scarcely a PCF intellectual left that hasn't signed at least one dissenting petition. But the PCF has shown before that it is willing to lose all its intellectuals so long as it hangs onto its working class base. The only dissent the Communists really fear is in the French CGT labor confederation, which so far has not got out of hand.

Socialists and PCF intellectuals want a political party that can take power and



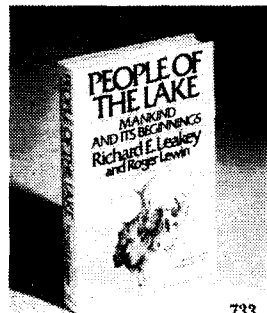
Party leader Francois Mitterrand urged moderation to preserve left unity at the Socialist Party convention.

change society. The PCF worker rank and file traditionally wants a place where the righteous can gather, warmed by fellowship and faith in a better life to come.

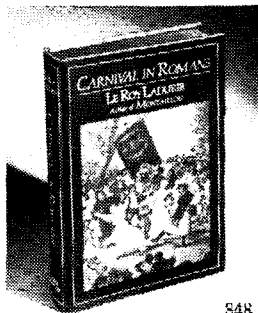
The hostility of the outside world only

strengthens their conviction. In short, they want a church. Marchais's latest gambit assumes that the PCF is still basically a church—and churches tend to last much longer than political parties.

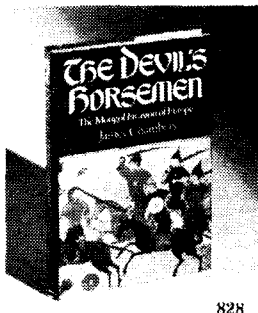
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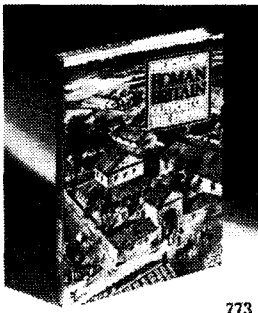
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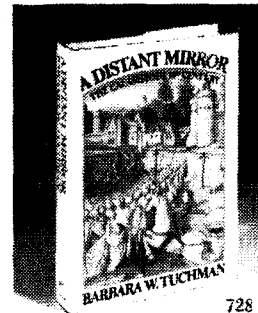
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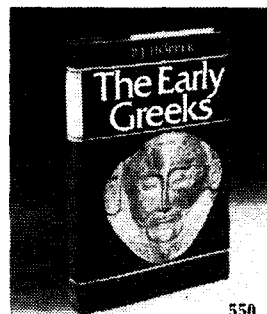
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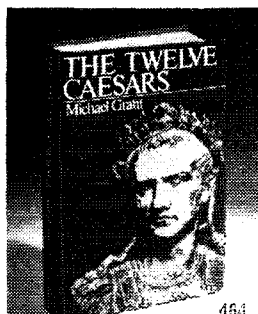
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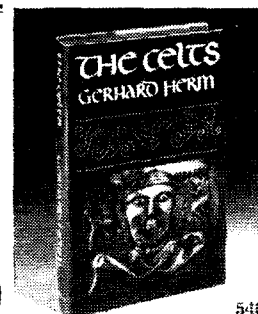


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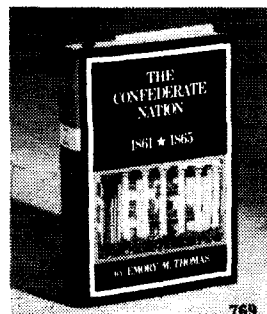


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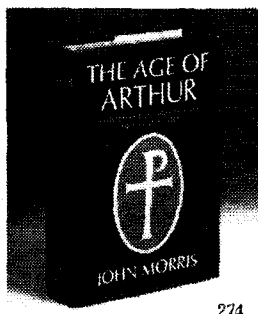
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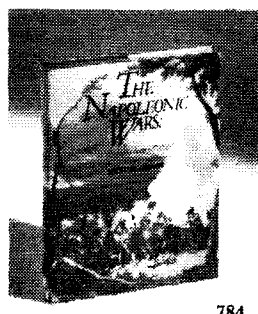
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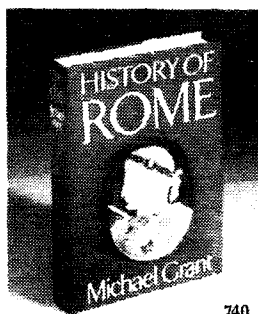
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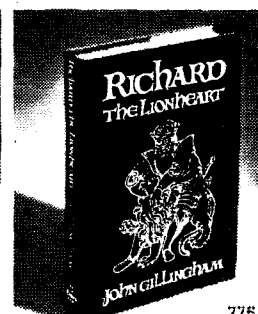
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# M P A R I S

Most American politicians and media talk as if the purity of American intentions were taken for granted by the whole world. This is far from the truth, but most foreign figures also flatter this assumption when addressing themselves to Americans. An exception is Admiral Antoine Sanguinetti, an outspoken Corsican who was retired from the French Navy two years ago by President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing for refusing to keep quiet. His long military career went from clandestine missions for the Free French to a position roughly equivalent to under secretary of the Navy. Although his brother Alexandre is a leading Gaullist politician, Antoine Sanguinetti, since his retirement, has been an active member of the French Socialist Party.

One of several interpretations of the decision taken by NATO in Brussels last December to station Pershing 2 and Cruise nuclear missiles in Europe is that the United States wanted to reassure Europeans. Do they feel reassured?

That's a rather far-fetched interpretation to my mind. If Europeans felt the need to be reassured by deployment of new American missiles in Europe, one may ask why the Dutch and Belgian parliaments both voted against it, and why it should stir up such concern among people in Europe who find it more of a danger than anything else.

Why a danger?

Because every time you tickle a bear he may sneeze, if you see what I mean. Now if you look back 30 years ago and think why NATO was founded, the purpose was not to organize conventional forces to counterbalance the Russian army, but to contain the conventional Soviet forces by putting Europe under the protection of the American nuclear umbrella. There was no risk, because there were no nuclear weapons on the other side. But then the Russians got to work, first with nuclear explosions in the '50s, before they had vectors. By the '60s the Russians had already created enough vectors to start being a danger, but without sufficient range to reach the United States from Soviet territory, which is why they thought of putting missiles in Cuba. As they started to develop their own intercontinental missiles, the United States got concerned not to risk destruction of U.S. territory for the protection of those bloody Europeans. So they invented the McNamara doctrine. Now they told us, "Rather than grant you inflexible protection, saying that if they attack you we'll fire at the Russians, which means retaliation against us, we're going to proceed by graduated responses, which is much smarter." In fact, that means that if the Russians attack, we'll fight back, in other words, we'll go to war. But our aim has been not to go to war, but to deter it. So when they came up with the idea of waging nuclear wars, already we didn't find that so very reassuring. But we were still left with some semblance of protection, in that after all, if the Americans and Russians began a nuclear war in Europe they risked getting so worked up they might strike each other's territory. And that was still very much of a deterrent.

Then in 1975 we came to the Schlesinger doctrine, stemming from the fact that the Russians now not only had long-range missiles capable of directly striking American territory, but were starting to have a lot of them. In short, we were starting to approach parity. So Schlesinger said, now we Americans have got to strengthen our own safeguards, so that if something happens in Europe, our own territory won't be involved. Go ahead and fight in Europe—too bad for the Europeans, who like that sort of thing—but certainly not on U.S. territory which has never been through anything like

that. At that point he made it quite clear to us that his aim was to disengage the United States. Kissinger said the same in Brussels last September, when he repeated that we'd better understand that the idea is to keep the U.S. from being implicated. This is why we are not reassured: the desire to keep the United States from being implicated, so that American deterrence no longer comes into play, makes war in Europe more likely.

But the presence of the missiles is supposed to show that the United States is involved.

But there were already plenty of missiles in Europe, on both sides. The show that's being staged for our benefit to make us think the Soviet SS20 missiles are something new is a comedy to take in people who don't know better. For 20 years there have been Soviet missiles capable of striking all of Europe. The first were deployed in 1959, the second type was deployed in 1961 and there have been 700 since—600 SS4 and 100 SS5 missiles. Look in any weapons yearbook including those published by NATO. After 20 years, it's normal for the Russians to start replacing their old missiles with something much more modern. We do the same thing in the West, every year we replace old equipment with modern equipment, much more than the Russians who keep their materiel much longer. So in 1977, according to the military balance, they began to deploy the SS20. But

But everyone says there are no missiles to respond to those Soviet missiles.

Of course there are, that's where the lie comes in. In the West people constantly mix up the Atlantic Alliance, NATO, and Europe, which are three different things. No doubt Europe itself does not have as many intermediate range missiles of its own capable of striking the Soviet sanctuary as there are Russian SS4, SS5 and SS20 missiles. Because there are only the French missiles on the French nuclear submarines and the British Polaris missiles on the British submarines. That's less than the Russians, granted. Even though the number of missiles doesn't mean much, there are still more missiles than there are Russian cities of over 100,000 inhabitants and that's what counts. In nuclear matters realities get completely forgotten. Besides Europe, there is NATO. Of course NATO has no missiles of that sort because NATO is not a government. Such weapons, capable of bringing down a cataclysm on the human race, are not entrusted to bodies that are not political, that do not have democratic legitimacy in their decision-making. That's why NATO has none. But within the framework of the Atlantic Alliance, which is a grouping of governments, for over ten years now American nuclear missile launching submarines have been assigned to NATO. They can be fired only with the authorization of the president of the United States, but they are in the

Because if they're in the hands of the U.S. president and get fired off, it's the U.S. president who is implicated, it's American territory and the American people who are involved. But if the aim is to disengage the Americans, which is what we've been hearing for 20 years from McNamara, Schlesinger and Kissinger, that means the key is going to be turned over to someone else. For us Europeans there is no doubt about it, it's obvious.

They don't say it, but you think they believe it?

Oh yes. When I wrote as much in *Le Monde*, nobody told me I was wrong, but just that "you mustn't say so out loud." In government and other circles, people are persuaded that's what the whole manoeuvre is about. And that's what the Russians cannot accept. Because that means that a strategic nuclear force is going to be turned over to West Germany and, with it, a total freedom of political initiative. That is without doubt the only real *casus belli* there could be in Europe, because that is something the Russians will never accept. It's a provocation, because it is contrary to international agreements and because Germany, like it or not, may not scare the United States, but it scares everybody else, starting with other Europeans.

But Schmidt gave the impression of being fairly reluctant to take the missiles.

He seemed to hesitate, because he must realize that the world will not accept German rearmament like that. Already when Germany was rearmed but only conventionally, a lot of people were unhappy. Now the U.S. gives the impression of getting around the Paris Agreements, which prohibited West Germany from having nuclear arms. Everyone is aware of it, we are positive, and that's why there's so much an uproar in Europe. The U.S. is going to install a certain number of warheads in Europe—not only in Germany, that would be too obvious. So six or seven hundred will be deployed throughout Europe. But all the Pershing 2s, that is all the ballistic missiles, will be in Germany. All of them! In other words, a ballistic strategic force is going to be placed on German territory of the same order, let's say, as those that France or Britain have set up for themselves. We are sure—and I've been reproached for saying so, it seems one mustn't—we are sure that once the Pershing 2 force is in Germany, well, one fine day we'll learn that it has been turned over to Germany, and that the key is in the hands of the German government. We'll be faced with a *fait accompli*. But what will be the consequence of that gamble, and who knows if war may not break out that very day as a result?

Having said that much, my own opinion is that things won't go that far. Because Europe is going to react very strongly well in advance.

But who is reacting? It was agreed...

Not at all, the Dutch parliament voted against it, the Belgian parliament voted against it. The United States imposed the project on the Dutch and Belgian governments, but they insisted on giving themselves a few more months before any definitive decision. No, it was not agreed.

But Italy accepted...

Italy always accepts everything. The Italians are perhaps more sensitive than others to political and economic pressures.

And Britain...

Britain has very special links with the United States. The British always have the impression that when the United States imposes its will on the world, it's a little bit Britain that's doing it. It's very special.

In France, there was that Communist Party campaign that started after the decision was taken and is not at all designed to be effective.

It's all the same to me that the French Communist Party, which is not my party and never will be, went at things all wrong. Plenty of us who are not communists are against that decision. And if the thing slipped through by surprise—because Europeans were taken by surprise, before they had a chance to study the dossier—we have some months left to teach those Europeans. And tell them

## AN INTERVIEW WITH ADMIRAL SANGUINETTI A VETERAN OF THE FRENCH HIGH COMMAND SPEAKS OUT ON U.S. POLICY.

Exclusive by Diana Johnstone

*"Western capitalism is in trouble and it would suit the US economy just fine if Europe were destroyed. 'The trick,' one American officer told me, 'will be to get the other side to start the war.'"*

after this replacement, the military problem remains the same; in any case the missiles cover all Europe, they're more precise, which is normal after 20 years, they're less powerful, which also follows the normal trend, there's no big change. Claiming that the Russians thereby changed things to their advantage is a travesty, just like pretending that the famous Soviet brigade stationed in Cuba was a threat to the United States. Personally I'd have given a lot to see that Soviet brigade, a land brigade without even any means of transport, dive in and swim off to invade the United States, which has two million men in arms. Who are they trying to kid? But already they came close to wrecking detente over that brigade.

Mediterranean for just that purpose, to counterbalance those Soviet missiles. At present there are four hundred Poseidon warheads in the Mediterranean, with bases in Sardinia or Spain, at Europe's disposal if necessary.

That are just as much at Europe's disposal as the new missiles will be, given that in both cases the decision remains with the American president?

That is the question...Up to now, it has always been understood that strategic weapons capable of striking the USSR were in the hands of governments and no one else. Thus the American weapons assigned to the Mediterranean for Europe's defense are in the hands of the president of the United States. The question that arises is, will they stay there?



where they are being led.

Now where are we being led? That's the question I asked myself. And I'm not sure that at the present time a certain number of people haven't decided that a war in Europe is necessary. Because, as for me, I don't believe—I'm not naive, I've lived a lot in those milieus—I'm not naive enough to believe that nobody wants war. So long as the human race has existed there have been people who want war. And that's as true in our time as in other times, as true in the West as it may be in the East.

When I was serving in NATO over 20 years ago, I was struck by the reasoning of some American officers. They would say to me in a friendly way, "Look here, I think some day we Americans are going to have to think about destroying Europe. Because you're by far our biggest competitor." And that's true. Russia is still nothing, its GNP is only half that of Europe. Europe is the world's leading commercial power, like it or not. Now, when you're in crisis, when the Western economies are in bad trouble, well, after all, that would suit the American economy fine for Europe to be destroyed.

*I'm ready to believe they can be cynical, but to that degree...*

That's just politics. I'm sorry, but politics is cynical by definition, there are no people who love their neighbors in politics.

Let's look at oil. In the West, everyone is shouting that the crisis is on account of petroleum, it's all the Arabs, dirty no-good Arabs. But if you look back 10 or 15 years ago, the Europeans had a bit of a brush with the Americans because the Europeans always wanted ceiling prices for oil, to keep prices down as far as possible, whereas already then, in international meetings, the Americans said we had to come around to the idea of holding prices up to a certain level, in order to make other reserves profitable, in particular reserves in the United States. That's about when the U.S. decided to economize its own oil and become an importer, even though it was and still is the world's first oil producer. The worse the oil crisis gets, the more that raises the value of American reserves, and if meanwhile European industry is brought to its knees, that is also in the interest of the Americans.

In reality, we are faced with a crisis of the Western economic system that no longer meets the world's needs. But rather than face up to the need to change the economic system, there are those who may prefer the idea of a war that would keep it going for some 40 years more. When Europe is in ruins and millions of people have been killed, the attention of the survivors will be distracted by the difficulties of emerging from the caverns where they'll be shut in by radioactivity and of rebuilding, and then the economic system of free enterprise can be perpetuated, that is, the economic anarchy that enriches a whole bunch of people who will manage not to get killed, because those people never get killed in wars.

Public opinion is being accustomed to the idea that war is possible, especially in Europe where people don't think so at all. The idea is being drummed in that if there is war, it will be the fault of the Arabs and the Russians. The masses are being conditioned to expect war, a war that in fact is being planned to save the economic system.

*But there at least has to be a pretext, and there isn't any.*

As an American officer explained to me some years back, "the trick," he said, "when we have to destroy Europe, will be to get the other side to start the war."

But perhaps this missile business will do the trick. If Russia feels threatened by a rearmament Germany, when the problem of German reunification still hasn't been settled, when the Berlin problem still hasn't been settled, when there is still no peace treaty 35 years after the German surrender, a conflict just might get set off by people who feel frantic and cornered. Because Russia, just between us, is much weaker than the West, militarily, economically and strategically.

*But nobody wants to say so.*

It's mainly in the West that nobody wants to say so. Because if people in the



*Admiral Antoine Sanguinetti being decorated by president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.*

***“Placing nuclear warheads in Germany is a provocation. Germany may not scare the US but—like it or not—it scares everybody else. The Russians cannot accept it.”***

West knew that Russia is much weaker, then how could you explain all these press campaigns about the Soviet military danger, all this working up public opinion.

As I see it, the power play in Afghanistan follows the decision to put those missiles in Europe. For me, that was the first power play. Afghanistan seems to me no more than a countermove—unacceptable, but a countermove. Because for me, Brussels was a power play; when you impose on allied governments missiles the parliaments voted they didn't want, that's using force. So did the Russians use force in Afghanistan merely to counterbalance? Did they say to themselves that since it seems to have been decided to force them into a war in Europe in the near future, they had better protect their

other frontiers with buffer states?

What is sure, in all this, is that no one is exempt from criticism. I don't like the business of proclaiming that we are all angels, and on the other side they're all sons of bitches. There are sons of bitches on both sides, and angels on both sides. And both sides have responsibilities in this matter.

We pretend to be in a democratic system. We're not. If we were in a real democracy, the first democratic act would be to say what one is doing and what one wants to do. Nobody ever does. I'm not talking about my own president, who spends his time lying. But I see that the United States does the same thing. I see that the first low blow to detente was turning down SALT II.

*But there seems to be real disagreement within the American political class.*

Now you're going to get me to believe that the Americans negotiated SALT II for six years to conclude by signing a treaty that put them at a disadvantage. Why all that comedy around SALT II? If it is for domestic political reasons that the United States endangers detente and world peace, your country has taken on a hell of a responsibility, and it's not very encouraging to your allies.

*Is that why Giscard is backing away a little?*

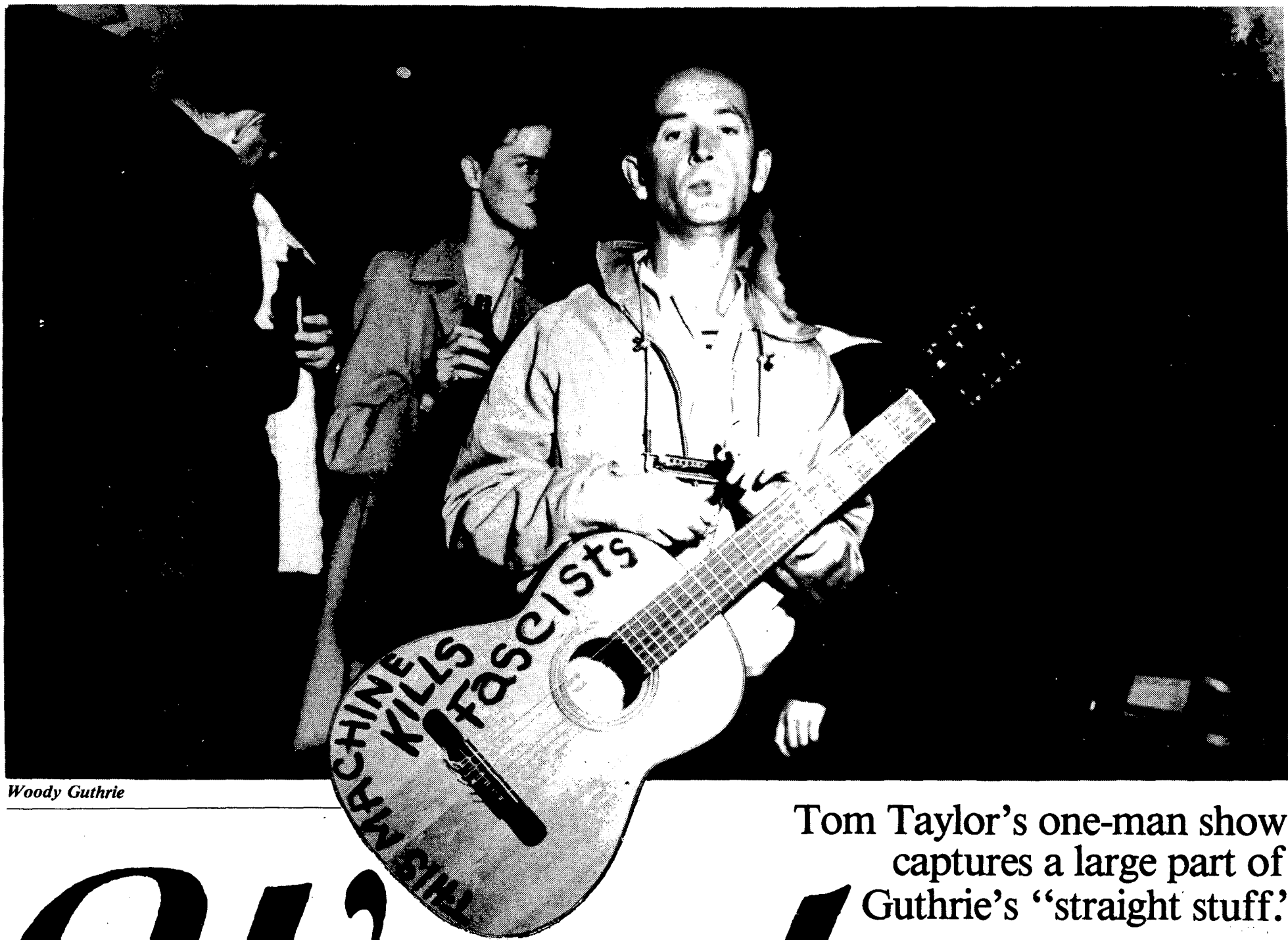
Giscard is indeed backing away, and he won't be the only one. A certain number of European countries are going to start realizing that there's been a little too much manipulation in this matter, and lies in the way it's been presented. They may not yet have had time to study the dossier, but it's a trumped-up case! It's not true that there's an imbalance in favor or Russia. So why all the lies?

I think of a certain number of people in the Socialist Party, for instance, who have never really studied military questions. I think they're going to realize they were lied to when the media claimed the Russians had an advantage. And when there are lies, it's because there's a hidden motive somewhere.

*And if the motive were to sell missiles, to keep the arms industry going?*

We are inclined to think that is only a secondary concern, and that what is behind this goes much further: first disengage the territory of the United States from the consequences of war in Europe, in order to be able to wage war in Europe because it would solve the crisis of Western society.





Woody Guthrie

Tom Taylor's one-man show captures a large part of Guthrie's "straight stuff."

# Woody

BY RON RADOSH

*"They just don't make em no honerier than me. It looks like Im a doing everything I can to make a hobo out of me. I get good chances to get on the radio and make a little money and get a start up the old ladder, but then that honery streak comes out and I ruin the whole thing. I kick myself in the britches pretty hard sometimes. You dont hate me any worse than I do. You dont bawl me out any more than I do. Oh well, damn it all anyhow. I never really set me head on being a public figure. Its all what you mean when you say success. Most of the time success ain't much fun. Lots of time it takes a lot of posing and pretending."*

The last time I saw Woody Guthrie was in 1954, at a surprise appearance at an American Labor Party rally at the old Yugoslav Hall on New York's West 42nd Street, where he sang with Pete Seeger and Sonny Terry; at a private loft party somewhere in the Bowery; and on a bright sunny day in Washington Square Park, where Woody and Ramblin' Jack Elliott sang and passed the hat around before taking off on Woody's very last hitchhiking trip.

Woody didn't like "posing and pretending," and by America's standards, he was not any kind of a success. He would have been amazed to find he has become a legend, that his folksy autobiography was made into a Hollywood film that cost \$11 million, and that his songs have been recorded by some of the most popular singers around.

Undoubtedly, he would have been at home to see the dynamic young actor Tom Taylor reciting his words and

singing his songs at the Cherry Lane Theater in New York, where Woody himself had appeared many times. And to those who were privileged to have heard and seen Woody, to hear Tom Taylor in Woody Guthrie is akin to renewing the acquaintance of a long lost friend.

Rather than offer a cheap imitation of Woody (there are plenty of Woody Guthrie imitators around, from the young Bob Dylan to the young Sammy Walker) Taylor offers a stunning and powerful interpretation of Woody's thoughts, songs and life. But with a few basic props—a wheelchair, table and typewriter, a few pieces of wood—Taylor reminisces as Woody about his life, as he looks back from the vantage point of his hospital confinement.

Appearing on stage in a set of baggy pants, workshirt and banged up hat, Taylor takes us along to the '20s in Okemah. He takes us to the Texas-Oklahoma dust storms of the '30s that

forced Woody and the other Okies to head towards California after hearing that 800 fruit pickers were needed.

"They asked for 300 and got 300,000," Woody remarks, "a case of successful advertising." Finally we are taken to Woody at home with his beloved daughter, Cathy Stackabones, who died tragically in an apartment fire.

Tom Taylor becomes Woody Guthrie. He has perfected his Oklahoma drawl, and when you hear him sing, blow harmonica and pick guitar, you are hearing vintage Woody Guthrie. *New York Times* rock critic Robert Palmer complained of Taylor's "thin singing," but obviously he is not familiar with Woody Guthrie's own voice. Taylor does not sentimentalize or prettify Guthrie. He gives us what Woody's friend Will Geer called "the straight stuff," after he watched Taylor's riveting interpretation.

How does Taylor manage to pull this off? Emphasizing that he is not trying to imitate Woody, he says that he got interested in Guthrie because he found him to be a man with something to say worth sharing—especially the belief that each individual counts and is important enough to make a difference.

## Travels.

The play, which just closed in New York, opens Feb. 1 at the Cannery Theater in San Francisco and opens this fall in London. It has already played in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Ford's Theater in Washington D.C., and it may tour the country again. Taylor has had many fascinating experiences over the past few years. In July 1976, with Ramblin' Jack Elliott in the audience, Taylor

performed the play—without scenery or props—at a Los Angeles skid row soup kitchen in the middle of the afternoon. The group of 40 or so people were won over. For the first time, Taylor says, he saw these people much as Woody Guthrie had. It gave him strong confirmation, he says, that what he was doing had more importance than merely that of an actor playing another role.

Then in December 1978, President Carter asked Taylor to present excerpts at the East Room of the White House at an invitational dinner for the incoming group of freshman members of Congress. Wearing his onstage costume along with a week's growth of beard while the dinner guests were all in tails and ties, Taylor found that "everyone closed in on him." There was total silence as he walked into the room for dinner. Finally, he was introduced as a new Congressman from Texas. "No one challenged that," Taylor notes.

The attention given Woody Guthrie, who in his own lifetime was never asked to the White House (even during the days of the Popular Front and F.D.R.'s presidency) is well deserved. Guthrie was America's greatest folk bard. Author of over 1,000 songs, including such classics as "Hard Travelin'", "Oklahoma Hills," "Bound for Glory" and "This Land is Your Land," Guthrie was the first great folk style singer-songwriter.

Were he alive today, he could easily fill large concert halls to capacity. Yet during his own lifetime, there was never one formal Woody Guthrie concert. Woody and his second wife, Marjorie, had years of dire hardship. They were desperate for an income to support the three children from



Woody's first marriage as well as their daughter, Cathy.

As late as 1946, long after Woody had turned out hundreds of his most well known ballads, Woody and Marjorie spent the summer at their modest Coney Island apartment, cutting the stencils and cranking the mimeo machine at the local Communist Party headquarters, hoping to make some money selling a home-made songbook of Woody's lyrics for 25 cents a copy.

#### Politics.

Yet 1978 saw the film version of his autobiographical novel *Bound for Glory*. While the movie was brutally honest in portraying the seamy side of Woody's personality, particularly his sexism, it was less than honest about Woody's political opinions. It showed Woody siding with the fruit pickers and union organizers, and his determination to sing their songs on the radio. But the film copped out on the question of Woody's relationship to the Communist Party, as well as his belief in socialism.

Indeed, David Carradine, who played Woody in the film, told one journalist that "Woody was more used than involved in politics."

If Carradine could hold such an erroneous belief, it is only because the film he played in itself gave that impression. Woody Guthrie would not have been surprised. "How far toward Hollywood...can any kind of a talented person go," he wrote, "and still keep in touch with, and honest to, the working people?"

Woody answered that question himself in some 1949 jottings. "It is plain as day to me to see how anxious the money holders are to thin down the radical protestery of all shapes and forms of art (take a look at the senseless piles of money they lay out to the blabbery artists of social surrender who boil and skim the radical protest down to nothing.)"

Woody hated those who "walk one hour on their radical toe and the next hour on their milked down, their strained off, conservative toe, who hire out and perform with a muzzle guage on their souls and lips to be only as outly and verbally radical as the paymaster permits." Those people, he wrote, "clear more easy \$\$\$ than I do, but they sell a something they can never buy back again."

Because he considered himself a committed socialist, Woody was closely involved with the Communist movement during its heyday as the major movement of American radicalism. His friends today argue that Woody never actually belonged to the Communist Party, that he was too much an individualist, and was turned down for membership when he applied. "I've never even been to a Communist party," Woody answers in the new play, when he is shown accused of being a Red. And later, he notes, "I'm not necessarily a Communist, but I've been in the red all my life."

#### Communist culture.

These attempts to deal with Woody's politics, however cute, are too evasive. Woody himself was more outspoken on the issue. "The biggest thing that ever happened to me in my whole life," he wrote in the 1940s, "was back in 1936 the day that I joined hands with the Communist Party." In a piece of published writing, Woody explained further what he had learned from the Communists:

"I made up my song, 'Union Maid,' on the typewriter of Bob and Ina Wood, the organizers of the Communist Party in Oklahoma. They gave me as good a feeling as I ever got from being around anybody in my whole life. They made me see what I had to keep going around and around with my guitar making up songs and singing...I never had been able to look out over and across the slum section nor a sharecropper farm and connect it up with the owner and the landlord and the guards and the police and the

dicks and the bulls and the vigilante men with their black sedans and sawed off shot guns.

Woody was indeed involved in the cultural world of American communism during the era of the Popular Front. While the film *Bound for Glory* doesn't even come close to making the connections Woody had made, Tom Taylor's "Woody Guthrie" is more honest. After Taylor has Woody talking about how he became involved with the union movement and the CIO, and after singing a few verses of "Union Maid," a voice aside accuses Woody of being a communist. Guthrie responds by saying: "Sure, I supported the Communist Party whenever they backed my own cause." Guthrie also is shown responding to the charge that the party line sometimes changed almost overnight. "You show me a Republican or Democrat who has been right about everything through the years. Their mistakes have been just as great." This line, similar to the approach Pete Seeger has taken on the same question, is a *post facto* defense that doesn't come from Woody Guthrie.

Even this, however, is not totally up front about Woody's thorough socialism. Woody Guthrie was so political that in 1943, he wrote his wife that if their income was ever more than was necessary for them to live, the surplus should be donated to the anti-fascist cause.

"I want to create, not count money," Woody put it. He saw his voice as one "connected with all of the people trying to win this free day" and he felt that any money he earned from his music belonged "to the working people." His credo was simple. "Instead of this business of getting loose from the people to devote myself to art, I want to get loose from art to devote myself to the people."

Woody's political view of life often led him to reject the opportunities that would have given him a decent living. When he got to New York in 1940, Alan Lomax got Woody a job on CBS for a series produced by Norman Corwin and sponsored by the Model Tobacco Company. But when the sponsor demanded that Woody stop writing his weekly column for *The Daily Worker* and stop singing at rallies, he quit without even giving

**"The job to be done is to get this thing called socialism nailed and hammered up just as quick as we can. I believe this just as much as I believe my own name, and lots more. We've got to pay whatever it costs us to get socialism in here just as early as we can. This is that big job, this is the only job worth working on. Socialism is the only job worth wasting any time or strength on. It's the only job that'll give you and me and all of us a good job we can really be proud of."**

**Socialism won't skip a single one of us. It'll not make hoboes nor bums nor backdoor tramps out of any of us.**

**The biggest thing that ever happened to me in my whole life was back in 1936 the day that I joined hands with the Communist Party. I'll stick to my words, don't you worry your head one minute about that."**

notice. Guthrie gave up what Lomax wrote would have been "a dazzling future in radio" and instead drove cross country in a new car purchased with the CBS salary, which Woody soon handed over to Communist Party organizers in Oklahoma.

#### Enjoying life.

To Woody Guthrie, communism was not the faceless authoritarianism of the Stalinist bureaucracy in Russia. It was a way of "creating for you and your lover and your family a job, a work, a mate and a love in which you can enjoy life." Socialism was not a rigid and dogmatic life denying authoritarianism. No wonder Woody was called to task by his Greenwich Village Communist Party branch when he always failed to sell his weekly quota of *Daily Workers* on the street corner.

Woody Guthrie was a man of contradictions who liked alcohol and women and who was often his own worst enemy. He also suffered much personal pain and had great empathy for the poor and dispossessed, from whose ranks he had emerged.

He was, above all, a man of principle. Tom Taylor brilliantly depicts Woody's famous audition at New York's Rainbow Room (presented incorrectly in the movie as occurring at California's Coconut Grove). Woody tried out by singing the following: *This Rainbow Room is up so high*

*That John D's spirit comes a driftin by  
At the Rainbow Room the soups on to  
boil*

*They stir the salad with Standard Oil*

"They loved it," Taylor says with a wink in the play. When Guthrie refused to pirouette to the microphone in the manner shown him by the room's producer, he stormed out, opting to sing his verses loudly in the downstairs lobby and on the street, "back to the world," where he refused "the false and corny lies that are sung in the wild canyons of Wall Street," preferring songs "wept by the families that lose."

Woody was also the consummate professional. His songs came from the people; he wanted to be known as their voice—"a photographer without a camera," Taylor puts it, as we see Woody summing up his life's work. But this same Woody Guthrie was quite disturbed when he found that to some, it wasn't enough that the left-wing Almanac Singers were playing at every meeting and picket line. They were being pressured to let every good communist with the right politics become a member of the group.

"It had come to the point where all kinds and style of people had got into the group," Woody complained, and he demanded that "in singing group...the ability to perform, play music or sing, had ought to be the first requirement." He used humor to make his point. It was ludicrous "to yank a girl out of the Bronx and shove a banjo in her hand and say, Come on and play and sing!":

*I don't care how good a Marxist or  
Leninist she was. Lord knows, I never  
sing nor play one single word or note  
that is not for the help of the working  
classes to know more, feel better, rise  
up, and to own and control this world  
they have built, but still, could you  
take the best Marxist in the country  
and trot them out onto a stage after  
two or three rehearsals and yell,  
Dance! It would be just as foolish to  
grab a dancer off a stage and walk  
them into a steel furnace and holler,  
Blast and fire!*

Some sectarians attacked Woody for supposedly arguing that "singing and politics don't mix." America's most socially conscious bard was being denounced for advocating art for art's sake. But Woody was firm: "I'll read the *New Masses* and listen to lectures, and give thanks to the farmers and factory workers when I eat a meal or put on my clothes, but when it comes to singing, I want to be on the stage and I want them to be in the audience."

Well, Woody Guthrie is now once again on the stage. Woody would be happy to find us in the audience, listening to him spin his yarns and sing the songs he said working people gave him.

It's good to have the real Woody Guthrie back with us. Ron Radosh has had a long time interest in American folk music and plays banjo and guitar. Many of the materials cited here are from documents in the Woody Guthrie Foundation Archives, 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.



Tom Taylor as Woody Guthrie.



# LETTERS

**IN THESE TIMES** is an independent newspaper committed to democratic pluralism and to helping build a popular movement for socialism in the United States. Our pages are open to a wide range of views on the left, both socialist and non-socialist. Except for editorial statements appearing on the editorial page, opinions expressed in columns and in feature or news stories are those of the authors and are not necessarily those of the editors. We welcome comments and opinion: pieces from our readers.

## LITTLE CHOICE

**DIANA JOHNSTONE's** ARTICLE (*ITT*, Jan. 9) is one of the most accurate and informative pieces on Cambodia I have seen. As a visitor to Phnom Penh last August, I have been appalled by the media's failure to explain the historical background and by its readiness to accept the ill-founded charges that Vietnam is trying to eradicate the Kampuchians.

Like many others, I am concerned at the extent of Vietnamese involvement in operating the economy and administration of Kampuchea. But as Johnstone accurately points out, there is precious little choice if Kampuchea is to begin to function again. At one hospital I visited in Phnom Penh, the only physician on duty was Vietnamese—most Kampuchean medical personnel either were killed or fled the country during the Khmer Rouge period.

There is no chance of a return to normality in Kampuchea unless the current government is recognized by other nations and continues to receive substantial food and other aid. The U.S. is exacerbating the situation by continuing to recognize the Khmer Rouge government, by its long-time refusal to open diplomatic or trade relations with Vietnam, and by its *de facto* alliance with Chian (which is supplying the Khmer Rouge army via Thailand and threatening a second invasion of Vietnam).

The longer Kampuchea is unstable, and the longer Vietnam is threatened by the U.S. and China, the longer will the Vietnamese remain in Kampuchea.

—John Gulgley  
—Columbus, Ohio

## LISTS

**CONGRATULATIONS** TO PAT AUFDERHEIDE for something as audacious as picking the best 10 movies of the decade, no less (*ITT*, Jan. 9) and for doing it with the necessary social comment, yet without the juiceless dogma that often afflicts left writers on our tumultuously complex mass arts.

"Best movies" is a very personal and subjective thing. I won't dare chide Pat on any of her selections—not even *Animal House*, where I suspect the generation gap comes into play. I'd rather congratulate her for recognizing the merits of the obscure "*Bingo Long*."

Omissions are necessarily something else again. Every moviegoer will have a "How could you leave THIS one out?" film. Mine is *Cabaret*, my absolute number one, better every time I saw it. What a combination of historic atmosphere—the Brechtian Berlin of the Nazis' early days—and entertainment, the marvelous Liza at her best, her mother plus that skeptical dark flair.

My 10 would also have to include *Norma Rae*, which for my money *ITT* nipped. Name me a scene in any Hollywood film of any decade more stirring than the moment a trembling Norma Rae steps on the table in the factory and holds aloft the crudely lettered "Union." Or a Hollywood film more educational to mass audiences on authentic working class conditions and black and white relations. Not to mention the artistic restraint in the relationship between the growing Southern gal and the union organizer.

Also in my ten among films not mentioned by Past would be *MASH*, that uniquely American anti-war film in absurdity and black humor; *Coming Home*, One

*Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *Women in Love* and *Turning Point*, with high marks for *Sounder*, *The Last Picture Show*, *All the President's Men* and *The Front*.

—Lester Rodney

**Pat Aufderheide replies:** One of the best things about best lists is thinking up your own when reading someone else's. One of the worst is realizing what you left out of one you wrote. I like a lot of Les Rodney's best.

## I SOLD MY ART TO THE COMPANY SOUL

**I** AGREE WITH JOHN JUDIS (*ITT*, JAN. 16) that popular art in the '70s suffered from an absence of coherent political and social movements, but he has missed the main point.

The swallowing up under the corporate aegis of many independent publishing enterprises, the search for blockbusters and megabucks, the "Mobilization" of the arts, is the true story of popular culture in the '70s. This country moved, during the last decade, into a conglomeration and exploitation of popular art never before seen in American culture.

The few people who came to control the marketplace for art, latter-day P.T. Barnums such as Robert Stigwood, became trapped in a post-Vietnam nervousness and were afraid to experiment with anything that would not show a healthy, if not inflated, profit margin. Many artists were shunted from the marketplace, while semi-talented hustlers controlled the cultural headlines and purse strings. Judis missed the economic reasons behind the dismal popular art of the '70s, the invisible tightening of the cultural belt, which has made the decade one of technical brilliance (e.g., Pynchon, Bowie, Lucas, Spielberg), but devoid of substance and soul.

—David Stoller  
—New York, N.Y.

## NO GLOOM DOWN HERE

**JOHN JUDIS' INSIDE STORY** "THE Right Wins the Seventies" (*ITT*, Jan. 16) is a gross distortion of the U.S. political, social and economic record during the 1970s. Instead of being a decade of stagnation, as you claim, the seventies were years of continuing social progress. The most important historical fact about the entire post-World War II era is that social progress has been much more rapid and widespread than ever before, and this rapid progress continued in most countries through the last decade.

Judis speaks both of "collective stagnation" and "capitalist stagnation" in the seventies, but real GNP per person grew at about 3 percent a year in the U.S. in this decade, about equal to the average for 1945-1970. This rate was markedly higher in most other advanced capitalist countries. Moreover, growth rates in most communist countries were even higher.

The growth in real GNP reduced the proportion of the American population living on poverty. It also permitted, and was accompanied by, an almost steady increase in real public spending per per-

son on free education, free health care, free child care, free welfare, free meals and food, free psychiatric care, free entertainment, etc., etc.

Moreover, the left won notable gains in the fields of birth control, abortion, divorce, negro rights, women's rights, gay rights, child rights, criminal rights, etc.

You refer to our withdrawal from Vietnam and the Watergate revelations. They were great victories for the left, and further proof that the right did not "win the seventies." The end of conscription was another such victory. I have no space to list all of them.

Throughout its history the socialist movement has suffered from the pleasant illusion that the capitalist system is stagnating, or collapsing, or is about to collapse. This illusion has greatly handicapped our movement, which should fully recognize the fact of continuing social progress in both socialist and capitalist countries, and continue to work for more progress. In advanced capitalist states socialism can only be achieved by such gradual progress.

—Burnham P. Beckwith  
—Palo Alto, Cal.

## NOT NOW, NEVER WAS

**PAUL KRASSNER** IS NOT NOW AND never has been funny. Don't waste any more space on him.

—Michael Engel  
—Northampton, Mass

## HOW COME?

**IN REGARD TO THE U.N. CONDEMNING** the Soviet Union and calling for the withdrawal of Red Army troops from Afghanistan.

How come the U.N. never condemned the U.S. or called or called for U.S. troop withdrawal from Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia or Santo Domingo?

Where was the U.N. at the C.I.A.'s Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba and why doesn't the U.N. call for sanctions against the U.S. for its continued military occupation of part of Cuban territory—against the will of the very popular Cuban government?

—A. Robert Kaufman  
—Baltimore

## LOVABLE LOANSHARK

**"ROCKY'S (1976) SUCCESS IN DELIVER-** Ring a lovable working class hero was unique—" says Pat Aufderheide, (*ITT*, Jan. 9). The collector for a loan shark is 'a lovable working class hero'?

—Lloyd Gough  
—Westlake Village, Calif.

## THANKS

**I WOULD LIKE TO THANK DIANA JOHN-** stone and *ITT* for marking the death of Rudi Dutschke (Jan. 16). While I agree that Dutschke was a symbol of the German "anti-authoritarian movement," I see his life as the personification of true international solidarity.

Having met Dutschke while exiled in Sweden, I would like posthumously to thank him and the progressive German movement for the support and assistance they gave the GI movement and exiled American war resisters during the 1960s.

While I mourn the death of Rudi Dutschke, I wholeheartedly reject the *NY Times* (Jan. 4) seemingly gleeful obituary which stated that with his passing "a generation of West Germans symbolically laid to rest their hopes of the 1960s for social change." Surely the *Times* failed to understand Dutschke and his most recent

involvements. But then, what would one expect. Thank you *ITT*.

—Bruce Beyer  
—Leverett, Mass.

## UNPARDONABLE SINS AT KENT STATE

**"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN,"** AS CON- nie Paige put it (*ITT*, Jan. 9) has not yet occurred at Boston University, but did occur at the Kent State University in 1973 and 1975. The victims were two internationally recognized scholars, social activists and socialists, namely, F. Joseph Smith ('73) and R.M. Frumkin ('75).

Both men were fired for alleged misconduct despite the fact that all-university faculty committees, after hearing their appeals, ruled that they should be retained. The Kent State faculty union also opposed their dismissal.

But then University President Glenn Olds asked the Board of Trustees to dismiss Smith and Frumkin and the trustees complied. After dismissal both men were denied unemployment compensation because they were allegedly fired for "just cause" even though neither was guilty of serious misconduct, gross incompetence or moral turpitude. Both men have been blacklisted from professional employment in Ohio. Smith has not had a full-time professional paycheck since August, 1972. (He was suspended without pay in September, 1972.)

For some unexplained reason, the AAUP and the ACLU have refused to help Smith and Frumkin even though their constitutional rights have been grossly violated. To this day, the Kent State University power elite has been successful in suppressing the Smith and Frumkin stories.

Smith and Frumkin have suits against Kent State coming up within the next few months in the federal courts. But as far as social activists are concerned, the 1970 Massacre mentality still persists at Kent State.

—Avi Achavourin  
—Detroit

## CORRECTION:

The photo appearing on the top half of page 14 in Volume 4, Number 9 was mistakenly attributed to Rickey Ashford. The photo of Bob Marley appearing on the bottom half of that page should have been attributed to Rickey Ashford.

In the article "On the Beach: Latin America's New Film Wave Hits Havana," Vol. 4, No. 8, it should have been noted that many of the films mentioned are available from Unifilm, 419 Park Av. S., NYC 10016, 212-686-9890.

## CALENDAR

### January 29

**Michael Harrington & Stanley Aronowitz** debate, "Socialists in the 1980 Election." Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., Columbia University Law School, 435 West 116th Street, New York City. Sponsored by NAM & DSOC.

### February-May

Long-time anti-war activist, **Igal Roedenko**, will be on a speaking tour of the Southeast February through May. Topics on which Igal speaks include: Gandhian Nonviolence, Strategies for the Anti-Nuclear Movement, Pacifism and Nonviolence, Peace in the Middle East, and The War Resisters League: 56 Years of Nonviolent Action. For information on how to arrange a visit by Igal to your community, write WRL, 604 W. Chapel Hill St., Durham, NC 27701.

### March 7

"The Political Economy of Poetry," a talk by Ron Silliman at the San Francisco Socialist School, 29 29th Street (off Mission), 8 p.m., \$2 or donation. Childcare available.



## BOOKS

# Guess what? The courts are political!

## THE BRETHREN: INSIDE THE SUPREME COURT

By Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong  
Simon and Schuster, 1979; 467 pages;  
\$13.95

By Bill Blum

Is it fact or fiction? The uncovering of another Watergate or simply another case of two ambitious journalists trying to strike it rich with some racy gossip about people in high places?

These are some of the questions I found myself asking as I read through *The Brethren*, the much-ballyhooed expose on the internal workings of the U.S. Supreme Court by *Washington Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong.

One thing is certain: Never before has a work about the Supreme Court achieved such notoriety or created such a public stir. Two weeks before it was released for general distribution in late December, *Newsweek* gave the book an unprecedented sendoff by running a cover story in which the Woodward-Armstrong collaboration was hailed as "the ultimate extension of Watergate journalism." Shortly thereafter, Woodward and Armstrong were interviewed on CBS' "60 Minutes" news magazine where they plugged their new release before a prime time audience.

But any reader expecting a muckraking classic like Sinclair's *The Jungle* or Nader's *Who Runs Congress?* will be disappointed. Like Woodward's examination of the Imperial Presidency—*All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*, both of which were coauthored by fellow *Post* reporter Carl Bernstein—*The Brethren* is big on sensation and small on substance.

The book consists of a series of candid anecdotes centered around selected legal cases and the 14 justices who served on the high tribunal from 1969 to 1976. To get the inside story, Woodward and Armstrong interviewed several justices, more than 170 former Supreme Court law clerks and a host of court employees. In so doing, they gained access to highly volatile

internal memoranda, notes, diaries and unpublished draft opinions. The authors have kept their sources anonymous, but their information appears accurate, even if much of it is trivial.

Emphasis throughout the book is placed on the personal foibles and follies of the individual members of the court. Each justice, without exception, is subjected to embarrassing, and at times scathing, personality profiles. Nixon appointee Harry Blackmun, nicknamed Chief Justice Burger's "Minnesota Twin" for his lack of independence and initiative, is characterized as slow thinking and indecisive. Former Justice William O. Douglas is described as arrogant and gruff, while ex-football hero Byron "Whizzer" White is depicted as the court's own Mr. Macho, a veritable terror in pickup basketball games. With similar dispatch, the authors paint Thurgood Marshall, the only Black justice, as a sincere reformer who is basically incompetent and content to let his law clerks handle his more difficult case assignments.

But Woodward and Armstrong reserve their most damning portraits for Chief Justice Warren Burger, presented as a Nixon clone in judicial robes, whose legal skills are so inferior that he is privately referred to as "dummy" by liberal Justice William Brennan. One particularly humorous incident in the book reports that Justice Lewis Powell was so stunned by Burger's draft opinion in the Detroit school busing case of 1973 that he remarked to his clerks: "If an associate in my law firm had done this, I'd fire him."

In addition to the personality sketches, large sections of *The Brethren* are devoted to describing the behind-the-scenes bickering, maneuvering and compromising that take place before the Justices cast their final votes on the weighty issues before them. The authors attribute much of the internal discord and controversy that have marred the Burger court to the Chief Justice's transparent efforts to manipulate his colleagues toward political ends.

Under time-honored procedure, the Chief Justice determines who will write an opinion if the Chief is part of the major-

ity. If he is not, the assignment is made by the senior justice in the majority. The power of assignment is a powerful political tool, as the content and tone of an opinion will be significantly different if it is written by a conservative like Rehnquist instead of a liberal like Brennan. According to Woodward and Armstrong Burger has consistently abused this prerogative by switching or delaying his vote to wind up in the majority as often as possible. In one instance, the book says, Burger changed sides no less than five times on the same case.

Burger's machinations have left the members of the court alienated and without a true leader. In the final chapter of the book, Woodward and Armstrong approvingly quote junior Justice John Paul Stevens description of the nine current justices as a flawed and politicized lot who "make pragmatic rather than principled decisions—shading the facts, twisting the law, warping logic to reconcile the irreconcilable." The implication is that, but for Burger's corrosive influence, the Supreme Court could resume its proper nonpolitical role as the neutral and dispassionate arbiter of society's most pressing legal disputes.

And herein lies the central shortcoming of *The Brethren*. Warren Burger's innovations in the decision-making procedures of the present Supreme Court are not the reason for the court's work being political or "pragmatic," as Justice Stevens puts it. The courts, and especially the Supreme Court, are inherently political, and not only in the sense that the decisions of the judiciary affect the rights and freedoms of every man, woman and child in the nation (a fact Woodward and Armstrong acknowledge in their introduction but de-emphasize thereafter).

The work of the Supreme Court is political in the deeper sense that many legal cases raise issues that cannot be resolved on strictly legal grounds. The litigation in the 1930s challenging the constitutionality of such New Deal reform measures as the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA) provides a clear illustration. The

legal arguments advanced on both sides of the controversy relied upon the same body of established law and were equally cogent. The Court had to decide which of two competing positions was superior as a matter of political necessity. The high level of political activity by unionists and the defensive position of corporations as a result of the Depression swung the decision in favor of the NLRA. Similar kinds of considerations prevailed during recent battles over affirmative action (the *Bakke* and *Weber* cases) with varied results.

The internal bickering and infighting on the Burger Court indicate that law making is an arena of social and political struggle in which contending groups and interests vie to have their views of how society should be structured through legal channels. All court decisions remain within a capitalist framework, of course, but important progressive reforms can be won, as rulings in the fields of collective bargaining, abortions rights and racial discrimination have shown.

It is particularly important for the left in this country to realize that if it is to achieve credibility with the American public. The need to develop a nondogmatic theory of law to rival the established view of the courts as neutral arbiters becomes urgent as the Burger Court continues to unwind many of the liberal rulings issued during the tenure of Burger's predecessor, Earl Warren. With the exception of its busing and affirmative-action decisions, which were relatively enlightened, the Burger court labored vigorously during its 1978-79 term to erode the rights of criminal suspects, the press, women and welfare recipients. With Brennan and Marshall as the only liberals remaining on the bench, progressive causes have been steadily losing ground.

Although Woodward and Armstrong assure us in their concluding comments that real power within the court now rests in the hands of a centrist coalition consisting of Justices Stevens, Powell, White and Potter Stewart, they fail to convey just how far the court has drifted to the right to reach its present position. ■

## BOOKS

# Sophie's Choice: Southern fried Poland

## SOPHIE'S CHOICE

By William Styron  
Random House, \$12.95

By Lawrence Levine

In *Sophie's Choice* William Styron employs the structure of the detective novel, piling up detail and through it revealing facts that are supposed to gradually alter our understanding. It is a familiar device and Styron utilizes it skillfully. But in the end the only compelling mystery is: what is this book about? While it contains a number of affecting scenes concerning the Holocaust, it soon becomes apparent that the Holocaust is not Styron's primary concern.

Set in 1947, the book unfolds through the sensibilities of its narrator, Stingo, a 22 year old novelist from Virginia living in New York, who resembles in almost every detail the young Styron. Referring to himself as "another lean and lonesome young Southerner wandering amid the Kingdom of the Jews," Stingo moves to Brooklyn to save on rent. There, in Yetta Zimmerman's Flatbush boarding house, he meets the novel's other two major figures: Nathan Landau, a Brooklyn Jew who has met, nursed back to health, and is now the lover of Sophie Zawistowska, a beautiful Polish Catholic survivor of Auschwitz.

Soon after meeting, the three friends go on an outing to Coney Island and on the beach encounter a group of young

Jews. Stingo's reaction provides an early clue to one of the novel's major preoccupations. He comments first on how physically different the Jews are from himself: "Sharecropper-white, with pink elbows and chafed knees, I felt wan and desiccated amid these bodies so richly and sleekly dark, so Mediterranean, glistening like dolphins beneath their Coppertone. How I envied the pigmentation that could cause one's torso to develop this mellow hue of stained walnut."

Above all, he is struck by their lack of inhibitions. In mixed company they actually dare to use words like "prick" and "fuck" and "cocksucking" and expressions like "jerking himself off" and "gave him a blowjob." "I am thunderstruck," Stingo notes. "I felt my Presbyterian scrotum shrink. These characters are really liberated." Riveting his attention upon one of the "deliciously rounded, honey-colored girls," Stingo comments: "I have never felt such sexual electricity in my life. This Jewish dryad has more sensuality in one of her expressive thumbs than all the locked-up virgins I ever knew in Va. & N.C. put together."

Lest the reader miss the significance of this clue, Styron provides an even more explicit one when he compares his native South with Sophie's native Poland, "a land in which carpetbaggers swarmed not for a decade or so but for millenia." Both lands—poverty-stricken, feudal, agrari-

an, despoiled, and exploited—produced similar traits, not the least of which was a preoccupation with race.

And this preoccupation, Stingo/Styron insists, is not all negative. If there was cruelty, bigotry, enmity, exploitation, and hatred, there was also compassion, understanding, fellowship, sacrifice, and love "whether in Poznan or Yazoo City." Poles "by the thousands have sheltered Jews, hidden Jews, laid down their lives for Jews," though Stingo/Styron admits that "they have also at times, in the agony of their conjugate discord, persecuted them with undeviating savagery."

By the middle of the novel, then, it becomes clear that Styron is using the Holocaust as a device to reflect upon the subject that has always been his compelling interest: the American South. This time the Blacks are cast as Jews and the white Southerners as Polish Catholics, but the questions remain the same—especially the question of what happens to the dominant group in defeat.

In a recent interview, Styron agreed with the observation that *Sophie's Choice* seemed to be the most Southern of his novels and added, "There's a constant sense throughout the book of Stingo's... need to understand his Southernness, his need to understand the racial tragedy of the South." These aims are laudable; the problem is: are they compatible with a novel that ostensibly focuses upon the Holocaust?

Styron's purpose explains his choice of a Polish Catholic rather than a Jew as his main character. That choice needs no defense since, as Styron rightly points out, Jews were not the only victims of the German concentration camps. What is puzzling is the almost total lack of Jews in the Holocaust scenes. They are present certainly, but only as statistical ciphers, figures seen through the wrong end of a telescope to whom it is impossible to fully relate.

Indeed, in the many pages devoted to descriptions of Auschwitz, the only Jews we meet at close range are two middle-aged sisters who live in the home of the commandant. Because of their great skill as dressmakers, the sisters had been allowed to survive. "They had been in the house for many months and had grown complacent and plump, their sedentary labor allowing them to acquire a suetlike avoirdupois bizarre-looking amid this fellowship of emaciated flesh."

With all the starving Jews in Auschwitz at his disposal, that Styron chooses to depict only two "fat Jewish dressmakers" who are contrasted to emaciated Polish gentiles, could be written off as mere perversity or artistic irony were it not directly related to another of Styron's major purposes—the exorcism of guilt. Styron is plainly tired of the guilt inflicted upon the Western world by the extermination of six million Jews. We have carried that burden long enough, he

Continued on page 16.



## BOOKS

# Socialism for capital, competition for labor

## THE LAST ENTREPRENEURS: America's Regional Wars for Jobs and Dollars

By Robert Goodman  
Simon and Schuster, \$11.95.

By David Moberg

Capitalists have always operated on the belief that competition is good for the other guys. In the textbook defenses of the system, competition among enterprises, striving for success in the market, underpins capitalism's claims for efficiency, freedom, justice, etc. But at least as important to the system is the competition engendered among workers and among groups of workers.

Radical urban planner Robert Goodman has zeroed in on a devastating recent twist to the dog-eat-dog mechanics of capitalist society: the competition among cities, states and other local government units to attract or hold businesses that creates so many labor, urban, governmental and economic woes.

While competition declines and concentration increases among private businesses, which depend increasingly on the federal government to support and preserve them, local governments are forced to become "the new entrepreneurs." They create packages composed of one part public subsidy to business and one part police work for business—especially against labor—in order to lure private capital.

Goodman goes beyond the sunbelt-

frostbelt theories to show that the system is a comprehensive, pernicious "regional rotation" system. Small rural communities in the South may gain a factory, while a Northeastern city loses its jobs, as we all realize by now. But if conditions improve for the "winner"—and that is often not the case despite the job shifts—then business once again rotates on to another location. The "mothballed" older city can even be recycled later as it becomes a depressed, low-cost, low-wage, non-union area.

Each community is bid against the other. The threat of becoming another Hamtramck or Youngstown is enough to keep local officials in line. They cannot plan. They can only engage in "hopeful anticipation" (or cringe in fear) as the real planning proceeds in private corporate boardrooms on a national or global scale, Goodman writes.

Local governments thus become an important instrument in the effort of businesses to keep labor cheap and docile. Despite the plethora of theories on why businesses have been moving, Goodman insists that "the most prominent cause for job shifts is...labor conditions and the willingness of state and local governments to make those conditions attractive to industry."

Whether in the North or South, during the period of 1970 to 1978 "the least unionized states as a whole added double the number of jobs for each of their residents than did the most unionized ones." The least unionized include the Dakotas, Colorado, and New Hampshire as well as North Carolina and Mississippi.

But capitalists gain both in the places to which they move and in the areas they abandon. The flight of industry weakens unions, depresses wages and creates a competitive "long line" of the unemployed in the deserted areas. Thus the old fields of profitmaking lie fallow a while, once again becoming fertile for exploitation—like crop rotation, Goodman says.

Crop rotation strengthens the soil, but job rotation weakens cities, destroys lives, reduces living standards and raises overall public costs. Abandonment raises the cost of maintaining the old cities, while rapid growth elsewhere often accelerates public costs. In the competition for jobs, tax breaks offered by governments diminish their abilities to assume either cost. The shift back and forth gives businesses a short-term savings for their individual firm, but in the long run it could hurt the capitalist system, Goodman suggests, by raising public costs and taxes that have to come out of somebody's pocket or by depressing living standards and risking challenges to the system of social control.

Although Goodman is misleading in suggesting that it takes desperation for people to act decisively (he at least does not assume such action necessarily will come from hardship), he offers some important strategic ideas. In "winner" areas some of the old battles—such as winning union recognition and higher wages—still need to be fought, and can be successfully. But in the "loser areas, the labor movement and others must adopt new strategies that rely more heavily on government action and the creation of a public economy, because their clout diminishes with the drain of jobs.

Public investment, Goodman argues, should move in the direction of "warm" investments that expand or sustain the return on local resources and prior investments as opposed to "cold" investments that deplete resources, waste talents, increase pollution and return a low yield of public good for the money expended, even if it is profitable. "Big Macs" and real estate speculation are thus "cold," and solar energy or regional economic integration "warm," according to the strained metaphorical distinction.

Goodman's long-term prescription is "regional socialism." He criticizes the simple formula that small is beautiful (it isn't always) and argues that the public must wrest control of the economy away from big corporations to make the best of desirable alternatives, such as solar energy. Nevertheless, he shares the current enthusiasm for local self-reliance, recycling, small-scale production, worker self-management, and cooperatives. But there are as many limitations to these prescriptions as there are to the small-is-beautiful panacea that Goodman criticizes. "Regional" doesn't really add much of substance to the conception of socialism. (Each region of the U.S. might be comparable to a European country:

has reducing the scale of their ambitions cleared the air very much?) Although Goodman relies too heavily on a dream of local autarchy, there is merit to the argument that there should be local coordination of economic activity suited to local conditions—without throwing out all long-distance trade.

Much of the book's ground has been covered in bits and pieces elsewhere, but Goodman brings many dispersed facts and arguments together in a popular if overly sketchy account that should be of special interest to union activists, community organizers and local-level politicians as well as to anyone who wants to understand the latest forms of the old competitive crunch. ■

## Sophie's Choice

Continued from page 15.

seems to be telling us, and it is time for us to lay it down. His contribution toward this end is to depict the Holocaust through the awful tribulations of a Polish gentile who "had suffered as much as any Jew who had suffered the same afflictions, and—as I think will be made plain—had in certain profound ways suffered more than most."

It is difficult for us to assess this latter claim since we are never allowed to meet any Jews who suffered through the Holocaust. Styron's device is cruder. Rather than comparing Sophie with her Jewish fellow sufferers, he contrasts her with sleek, materialist American Jews who lived out the war years in comfort. If Stingo is aroused by his meeting with those young Jews on the beach, Sophie is disgusted by them and their preoccupation with their own petty sexual needs and insecurities. "Those strange creepy people, all picking at their little...scabs," she complains to Stingo. "I hate this type of *unearned unhappiness!*"

The Jews in this novel can't win. Those who are unhappy are contrasted with Sophie who has *earned* her misery, and those who are satisfied with their lot are contrasted even more negatively. Take Sophie's Jewish employer, the chiropractor Humie Blackstock who describes himself as the happiest man in the world. The good doctor explains the source of his joy to Sophie: "Forty thousand dollars a year income before taxes; a seventy-five thousand dollar home in the most elegant part of St. Albans, Queens, free of mortgage, with wall-to-wall carpeting plus indirect lighting in every room; three cars, including a Cadillac Fleetwood and a thirty-two-foot Chris-Craft sleeps six in comfort. All this plus the most darling and adorable wife God ever gave."

Surrounded by Jews like this, it is hardly surprising that Sophie, who is consumed by guilt for having survived Auschwitz when her parents, husband and two children did not, finally explodes in fury: "These Jews," she tells Stingo during an outing to Jones Beach, "worrying about their little brilliant brains and their analysts and everything...it's so disgusting, you would think they had suffered something, these comfortable American Jewish people with their Doctor So-and-So they pay many dollars an hour to examine their miserable little Jewish souls! Aaaa!...My father was really right when he said he had never known a Jew who could give something in a free way, without asking for something in return...No wonder the Jews were so hated in Europe, thinking they could get anything they wished just by paying a little money, a little *Geld*."

And Stingo, convinced (incorrectly) that his fellow boarder, Morris Fink, had robbed him of his entire savings, agrees,

muttering: "Money-mad, money-greedy Jewish bastard." Styron ends this dialogue with a one-sentence paragraph: "Two anti-Semites, on a summer outing." But this ironic comment doesn't dispel what we've listened to since there is no Jewish character in this novel whose life refutes these charges.

Nathan is no exception. His relations with Sophie alternate between bouts of violent sex and violent sadism. He intensifies her sense of guilt by constantly implying that she must have had to perform some terrible transgression in order to survive Auschwitz.

Sophie, who managed to live through the Nazis, doesn't do quite as well with her Jewish lover who periodically abuses her verbally and physically. The following scene could have taken place in Auschwitz with a Nazi tormenter, but in fact it occurs in Connecticut with Nathan as Sophie's persecutor: "Three times he kicks her... 'Piss on you!' she hears him say,...Now he uses his polished shod foot as an instrument to pry her face from its sideways posture against the earth to confront him, looking upward;...she watches him unzip his fly... 'Open your mouth wide,' he orders her. She waits, watches, mouth agape, receptive, lips quivering. But he fails. One, two, three drops, soft and warm, spatter her brow, and that is all. She shuts her eyes, waiting."

Surely, Styron is making some profound point about the transformation of victims into oppressors. Perhaps. But if he is, he undermines the lesson by revealing late in the novel that Nathan is not the Harvard-trained scientist he pretends to be, but a deeply troubled drug-addicted psychotic who has no more choice over his moods than Sophie had over the fact that she emerged from Auschwitz alive. Indeed, one searches this novel in vain for any profundity. Deeply confused himself, Styron can produce only confusion in his readers.

Ten years ago, Styron published a novel about Nat Turner, the leader of the antebellum South's most important slave revolt. Though it was often attacked unfairly, such black scholars as Michael Thelwell and Vincent Harding argued with subtlety that Styron had reduced Nat Turner to insignificance by taking him out of the nexus of his own culture, traditions, and language.

*Sophie's Choice* is proof that Styron learned little from these criticisms. Once again he has written about a central event whose significance he only dimly perceives and about a people whose culture he has not taken the trouble to understand. Exorcising guilt is worthwhile only if the guilt is replaced by compassion and empathy, qualities notably lacking in Styron's pages. ■

Lawrence W. Levine is Professor of History at U.C. Berkeley.

## DIRECTORY

The Directory is published to facilitate contact with organizations frequently referred to in the pages of *In These Times*. Each organization has paid a fee for their listing.

NEW PATRIOT ALLIANCE  
343 S. Dearborn, Room 305  
Chicago, IL 60604

SOCIALIST PARTY, U.S.A.  
Suite 325  
135 W. Wells Street  
Milwaukee, WI 53203

COIN-CONSUMERS  
OPPOSED TO INFLATION IN  
THE NECESSITIES  
2000 P Street, N.W. Suite 413  
Washington, D.C. 20036

MIDWEST ACADEMY  
600 West Fullerton Ave.  
Chicago, IL 60614

NAM-NEW AMERICAN  
MOVEMENT  
3244 N. Clark St.  
Chicago, IL 60657

COALITION FOR A NEW  
FOREIGN AND MILITARY  
POLICY  
120 Maryland Ave., N.E.  
Washington, D.C. 20002

DSOC-DEMOCRATIC  
SOCIALIST ORGANIZING  
COMMITTEE  
853 Broadway, Room 617  
New York, NY 10003

NATIONAL CENTER FOR  
ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVES  
2000 P Street, N.W. Suite 200  
Washington, D.C. 20036

WORKING WOMEN  
1258 Euclid Avenue  
Cleveland, OH 44111



# IN DEPTH

## The Rhodesia settlement is good news for whites

By Chris Mullin

THERE WERE FEW MORE ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTERS OF the election victory of the British Conservative Party last May than the beleaguered white community in Rhodesia. For white Rhodesians a Tory government in Britain represented the last chance to dig themselves out of the deep pit they had dug for themselves under the suicidal leadership of Ian Smith. In their election manifesto the Conservatives were committed to achieving "a lasting settlement based on the democratic wishes of the people of that country."

This meant that Britain is anxious to wash its hands of responsibility for Rhodesia as quickly as is compatible with handing over the reins of power to a government that will disturb the existing balance of power and wealth in that country as little as possible. That is what lies behind the agreement to hold elections in Rhodesia.

From the British government's point of view the agreement is a work of genius. The Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington has persuaded the guerilla leaders to stop the war and take part in an election in which the odds are heavily stacked against them and that, even if they win, would still be at the mercy of South Africa or internal subversion by the white-controlled Rhodesian army and the private armies of other African nationalist leaders.

The British Conservative Party is deeply committed to the survival of the racist regimes in southern Africa. Even in November 1978, before there was any sign of a settlement in Rhodesia, about half the Conservative MPs in the British parliament voted against the renewal of U.N. sanctions.

Many leading Conservatives have business and other interests in South Africa and Rhodesia. Lord Carrington, before he became Foreign Secretary, was a director of Rio Tinto Zinc. In the three years up to 1979 more than 50 Tory MPs—one in six—visited South Africa or Rhodesia, some on missions actually paid for by the South African government. One member of the present cabinet (when in opposition) even travelled to Washington and Toronto on a trip paid for by the South African embassy in London.

### Pressed to settle.

This is the background to the so-called Rhodesia settlement. From the start the leaders of the Patriotic Front, Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, were pressed to settle on terms that they had dismissed as quite unacceptable. They were asked to agree to elections within two months of the agreement; the election would be supervised by a British governor who would have at his disposal a "monitoring force" of just over 1,000 British and Commonwealth troops; the civil service, media, police and armed forces of the illegal white regime would remain intact and would be at the disposal of the governor for use as he saw fit.

All this was to take place against the background of a ceasefire during which Patriotic Front guerillas were to come out of the bush and present themselves at 16 designated assembly points, mainly around the periphery of the country.

Faced with these demands—which were quickly agreed to by Bishop Muzorewa—Nkomo and Mugabe at first dug their heels in firmly. They wanted at least six months to establish a political base inside the country; they wanted Commonwealth or U.N. troops to supervise the ceasefire during the interim while the troops of both sides would be confined to

barracks. They stuck to these demands for several weeks and then, abruptly, they caved in and accepted terms along the lines outlined by Lord Carrington.

There is no secret about what caused this change of heart. In September and October the Rhodesians, with the help of the South Africans, launched huge raids into Zambia and Mozambique. For landlocked Zambia these raids were particularly disastrous as they cut all the country's main communications links with the outside world. Zambia was brought virtually to its knees.

This did the trick. As a result of the raids Presidents Kaunda and Machel were forced to insist that the Patriotic Front settle on whatever terms it could get. Although Britain made all the ritual noises deploring the Rhodesian aggression, Lord Carrington must have been laughing all the way to the conference table. One can only speculate as to the degree of connivance by Britain in the scope and timing of the raids. Certainly Britain has been in very close touch with South Africa throughout the negotiations. After the raids Foreign Office expressions of confidence in a successful outcome for the talks reached new heights of smugness.

Since the settlement was signed on Dec. 22 events have moved fast. A former Tory cabinet minister, Lord Soames, was dispatched to Salisbury even before the final signing to take over as British governor for the interim period before elections, which will take place in February or March.

To help Lord Soames—as plump a specimen of white supremacy as you could anywhere hope to find—to administer the ceasefire impartially he has at his disposal the entire Rhodesian armed forces, police and judiciary who between them have created such terror that more than 250,000 Africans have fled to neighbouring countries. Responsibility for balanced reporting of the election remains in the hands of the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation which, until recently, was not allowed even to utter the names of Patriotic Front leaders.

Meanwhile guerillas of the Patriotic Front have been required to present themselves at assembly points, manned by members of the monitoring force, where they are to remain throughout the pre-election period.

In Salisbury the Rhodesian high command continues to issue daily communiqués giving their version of every incident. Although most Rhodesian regular soldiers are supposedly confined to 43 assembly points they were used in the first weeks of the ceasefire to attack guerillas said to be crossing the border from Mozambique and against bands of guerillas alleged to be in breach of the ceasefire.

In contrast to the high standards demanded of the Patriotic Front there appears to be no provision for dealing with breaches of the ceasefire by Rhodesian

troops. The large number of mercenaries and an unknown number of South African soldiers who have been fighting with the Rhodesians have not been required to leave the country. Most serious of all those African parties who settled with the whites now appear to be forming their own armies of auxiliaries who do not seem to be subject to the ceasefire. Since the ceasefire, recruiting into Bishop Muzorewa's auxiliaries appears to have been stepped up and there have been reports that they are moving into areas evacuated by the Patriotic Front forces.

Another serious question mark hangs over the refugees in Botswana, Mozambique and Zambia. These form the core of the Patriotic Front's electoral support and yet there seems to have been no provision for their being able to return home or for their being able to vote. No doubt many of them will trickle back between now and the election, but whether they will be in time to vote remains unclear.

Ten political parties have registered for the election. Of these the most significant are Robert Mugabe's ZANU, which has been based in Mozambique and which has supplied most of the guerillas and done most of the fighting. ZAPU, led by Joshua Nkomo, which was based in Zambia. ZAPU and ZANU comprised the Patriotic Front, but they will be fighting the election on separate platforms.

Then comes the African National Congress led by Bishop Abel Muzorewa which made its own settlement with the whites in return for being given power in elections last April. The only other significant party is Ian Smith's Rhodesia Front, which in 1965 made the unilateral declaration of independence from Britain which has since brought the country to the edge of ruin.

Although there are 25 times as many Africans as whites in Rhodesia 20 of the 100 seats in the new Parliament will be reserved for whites and the Rhodesia Front can be expected to win most, if not all, of these.

For the black seats the main contest will be between Mugabe's ZANU and Muzorewa's African National Congress. Mugabe will be offering a mildly socialist program of land reform (the whites who form three percent of the population own 50 percent of the land), wealth redistribution and some public ownership of industry and mining. Muzorewa is pledged to preserve and extend private enterprise.

Although commentators seem to think that Mugabe and ZANU are by far the most popular party among the Africans they are operating at a considerable disadvantage. Muzorewa's ANC has a two year lead, whereas Mugabe's men have had less than two months to set up a political machine. Muzorewa's party is likely to benefit from generous financial aid from white businessmen and possibly from South Africa who will see him as the only chance of preserving something approaching the status quo. In the April elections white industrialists contributed more than 100,000 pounds to the coffers of ANC.

As for Nkomo, he is apparently furious that his erstwhile allies ZANU refuse to share an election platform with him. From ZANU's point of view, however, this was a shrewd move. Many Africans do not trust Nkomo, particular-

ly since two years ago when he was on the point of a deal with Smith that fell through only when his guerillas shot down a civilian airliner forcing Smith to break off negotiations. For many years now Nkomo has enjoyed financial support from dubious sources, including the London-based multinational mining corporation, Lonrho.

Another cause of resentment against Nkomo is that he committed relatively few of his troops to the war giving rise to the suspicion that he was saving them for a possible civil war against ZANU once the whites were defeated. But there are, sadly, also tribal reasons for the differences between ZANU and ZAPU. Most of Mugabe's forces come from the majority Ndebele, while Nkomo is a Shona who constitute less than one in five of the African population.

As a result Nkomo is likely to win only a relative handful of seats, concentrated mainly around Rhodesia's second city, Bulawayo. However, he is likely to remain a significant figure in Rhodesian politics whatever the outcome. If ZANU win a majority they have already said they would invite ZAPU to join a coalition government in which Nkomo would become president.

### Another possibility.

There is, however, another possibility that has not so far been widely considered. It is that instead of allying himself with ZANU after the election, Nkomo will try to form a government with Muzorewa that will have the tacit support of the 20 white MPs and leave ZANU out in the cold.

To be sure of avoiding this ZANU would need to win more than 50 of the 80 African seats, which seems unlikely. And even if they do form the next government ZANU are going to be in a lot of difficulty. For a start they are forbidden under the terms of the agreement in London from redistributing land—their main election pledge in a country where most people are farmers—unless they pay market rate compensation to the white farmers (whose ancestors stole the land in the first place). Since there is no prospect of the funds being available for this purpose early land reform seems to be ruled out.

More serious still will be the reaction of South Africa and the white Rhodesians who still effectively control the Rhodesian armed forces. For a glimpse of how the South Africans might react to a victory by ZANU we are indebted to a report in the London *Sunday Express* last Sept. 23 quoting "top level sources in Pretoria" as saying:

"One: If any Marxist takeover in Rhodesia provokes a panic exodus by whites South African forces would immediately invade to make sure that all Europeans could be got out safely.

"Two: Should the Patriotic Front come to power South Africa would immediately cut off all aid and financial assistance."

Gen. Peter Walls, the commander of the Rhodesian armed forces, was even more specific. Commenting in London the day before the agreement to hold "free and fair elections" was signed, he said: "A Patriotic Front victory in the elections would result in immediate civil war."

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# DuPont

Continued from page 6.

important role is played by activists in the plant—the people who have a personal stake in the success of a union drive, and who know the frustrations and concerns of their fellow workers.

If there is a "Norma Rae" at the DuPont plant in Kinston, it is probably James Hill. A DuPont employee for 15 years, he is making his third effort to bring a union into the factory. For him, the issue is not so much wages as DuPont's cold and arbitrary management.

Raised in a poor farm family, Hill says he spent almost 10 years "just trying to land a job at DuPont," which has been the prestigious place to work since the plant was built here in 1953. He finally got on the payroll in 1965, but now, still a young man, he sees the union as "our last refuge to help us reach retirement."

What apparently convinced Hill to accept a highly visible organizing role was a run-in he had with the company following an injury. In September 1968, Hill hurt his back lifting 45-pound spindles off the machine he tends all day. The company insisted that he keep coming to work though all he did was lie on a cot in an infirmary. This kept him technically "on the job" and ineligible for disability benefits.

When DuPont began assigning Hill "light duties" such as painting floors—painful work for someone with a bad back—Hill decided to go to court to pro-

tect his job. His private doctor, who had originally prescribed a week of traction, refused to back Hill when he went up against DuPont—and even forced him to subpoena his medical records. Undaunted, Hill got a Raleigh attorney and an out-of-town doctor and is still pursuing the case, 17 months later. (In the meantime his expenses have gone unreimbursed. The company has said that Hill's back condition was not caused by his work and denied him disability benefits; Blue Cross refuses to pay for what it regards as a job-related injury.)

Gene Houck, personnel superintendent at the Kinston plant, boasts that the plant holds "a world's record" on safety, having gone 650 days without a day's work lost from an on-the-job injury. (A DuPont plant with 700 employees in Florence, S.C. claims to have a record of nearly 10 years with a single day lost to injury.) But workers claim that the company maintains these impressive statistics with questionable practices—even transporting injured workers from their sick beds to avoid tallying a lost workday. Houck admits that DuPont tries to keep a worker on the job—"It keeps him from babying himself."

Not surprisingly, complaints about DuPont's safety program and its treatment of injured workers head the list of gripes heard at the Kinston plant, but wages are not far behind. The Kinston plant pays an average wage of \$6.50 per hour to manufacturing workers (top wages reach \$8.80 an hour for mechanics) compared to an average local manufacturing wage of only \$4.00 an hour. But plant workers have watched their position decline compared to other firms in the area. Said one man who has been with DuPont since the

plant was built, "I used to be able to walk proudly down the street in Kinston, because I worked at DuPont. Now I've got a daughter who's just coming out of community college and looking for a job, but I don't want her to go to work for DuPont. And this is a kind of sad thing to say after I've worked there for 25 years. There's no future."

One tactic of the Steelworkers Union has been to provide workers at each plant with information about the wages paid for similar jobs at other DuPont facilities. Because of management's practice of pegging wages to the local economies, pay scales can vary dramatically, even between plants in the same state.

## The changing climate.

Though tobacco and feed crops are still a mainstay of the Kinston economy, industrialization since 1950 has brought many changes, including more information about activities and lifestyles beyond the county line.

Ironically, one of the men leery of these changes, Dick Mauney, has been the most instrumental in bringing them about. As Industrial Development Commissioner of Lenoir County—of which Kinston is the county seat—Mauney has over the last decade lured 13 major firms, and 4,000 jobs, into the area. Now he sees that union ideas are following the companies to the county, and he's worried. "In my opinion," said Mauney, "it would be a great blow to the development of this area if DuPont is organized. The people who would vote for a union would be doing a great disservice to themselves, this area, their children and their grandchildren."

Members of the Kinston Steelworkers

Organizing Committee agree that their success would have a snowball effect. Arden Turner, a 26-year DuPont employee and a key activist, said that when he walks into local stores and restaurants now, cashiers and waitresses all ply him for information. "They all want to know how to go about getting themselves a union," he said.

Although the Steelworkers have been involved in this DuPont campaign now for four years, the effort has gone largely unnoticed nationally. Even in Kinston, the first news hit the right-wing local paper only last summer. So far, the company and the union have chosen to keep their struggle in-house—the union probably in an effort to keep local opposition from developing too soon, and the company probably to prevent workers at each plant site from knowing for sure the scale of the campaign. But both organizations know a confrontation is on the way.

Elmer Chatak, the man who directs the national DuPont organizing drive from Steelworkers headquarters in Pittsburgh, says this is one of the biggest efforts the union has undertaken in recent history. "DuPont joined the parade of industry to the South early, in the '40s and '50s. They've had very little new growth in the North since then, and have even closed plants there. So this really amounts to a major effort to unionize a Southern industry."

## The company response.

Publicly, DuPont downplays the Steelworkers progress in collecting union cards. But an internal memo to the directors of each plant that coached them in how to respond to a union challenge to the company's conservative interpretation of President Carter's wage guidelines, indicates the seriousness with which the company views the campaign against it.

DuPont chairman Irving S. Shapiro's closeness to the president may be making things tougher for the company. Support for Carter's wage guidelines leaves DuPont unable to satisfy workers' demands for gains similar to those made by unionized workers, as it has often done in the past. If it breaches the guidelines seriously to weaken the appeal of a union, it will damage the administration's economic program.

There have yet to be any major labor violations reported at the Kinston plant, where the organizing drive apparently got off to a slow start. But not far away at the Cape Fear DuPont plant, DuPont agreed, without admitting guilt, to stop a number of activities that the NLRB was called in to investigate. These included asking employees how they would vote in a union election, spying on union activities, and harassing organizers. At another North Carolina DuPont plant in Brevard, company officials were charged by the NLRB with chasing workers away from a gate where they were distributing union literature. Again the company agreed to stop the practice without admitting guilt.

Meanwhile, the entire conflict is coming to a head. Of the 65 largest DuPont plants, the union claims to have a majority in 30, ready to vote for certification. In addition, executive boards of 18 ineffective one-plant "independent" unions (non-AFL-CIO) have reportedly asked to have their unions affiliated with the Steelworkers. The Steelworkers Union has been carefully courting these local unions to avoid running against them in certification elections.

The Steelworkers' Chatak refuses to predict the date when his union will call for company-wide certification elections, but he did say, "We're nearing the point where we will have to make that move." Another union officer said the elections are "only months away at this point." He acknowledged that workers who are "ready to go" can't be stalled forever.

Even if the union claims of worker support are accurate, and the elections go its way, the company is not about to fall over. Said DuPont's Gordon Smyth, "Our posture is to deal with the union on a plant basis." Noting that nearly one-third of the company's employees are supervisors or white-collar professionals ineligible for union membership in this drive, he added, "We can run our plants in a strike, and that's always been our basic policy."

## The Corporate Giants have us in their clutches.

And as little people we haven't had the power to fight back effectively.

The Giants are too big.

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To protest these abuses we have named April 17, 1980 national **Big Business Day**.

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**Big Business Day**  
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Yes, I want to help fight Crime in the Suites.

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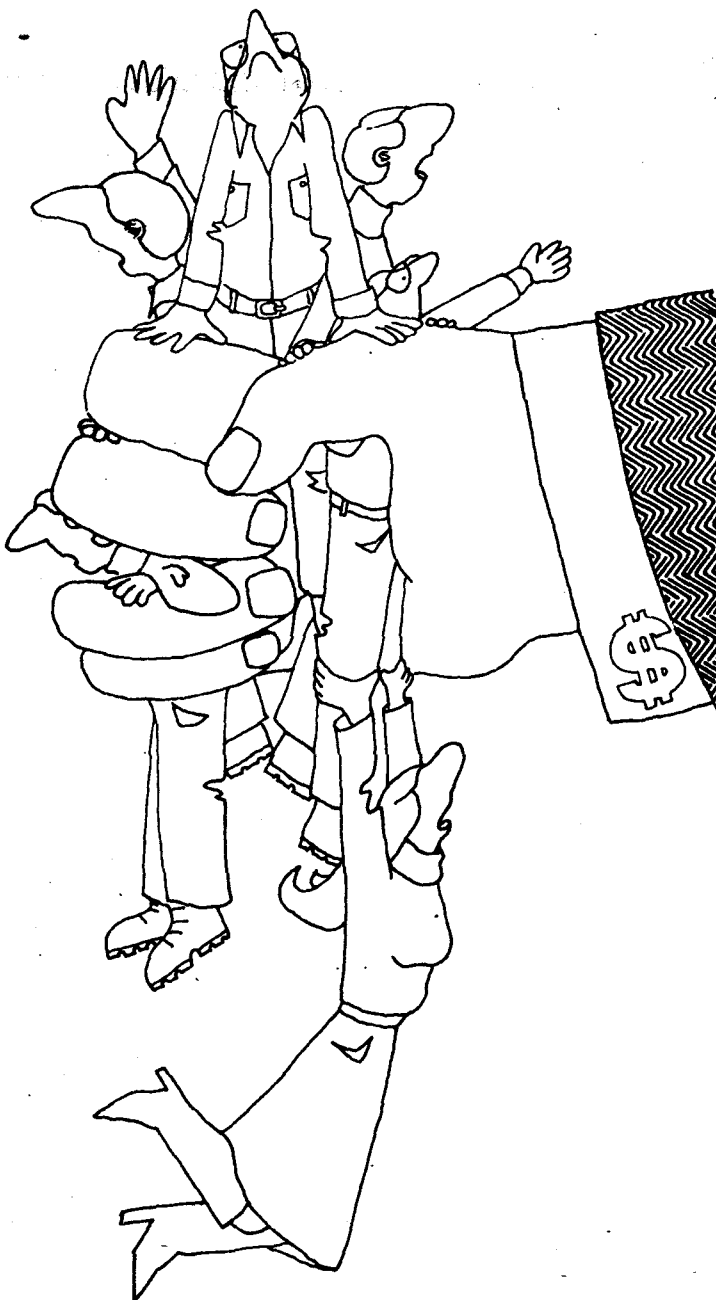
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## BIG BUSINESS DAY April 17, 1980

Among the initiators of Big Business Day are: RALPH NADER (Consumer advocate), JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH (Prof. Emeritus, Harvard University), WILLIAM H. WYNN (Pres., United Food and Commercial Workers), DOUGLAS A. FRASER (Pres., United Automobile, Aerospace, and Agricultural Implement Workers of America), PATSY J. MINK (Pres., Americans for Democratic Action), JAMES FARMER (Exec. Dir., Coalition of American Public Employees), ED ASNER (Actor), CAESAR CHAVEZ (Pres., United Farm Workers of America), BISHOP THOMAS GUMBLETON (Auxiliary Bishop, Archdiocese of Detroit), JOYCE MILLER (Pres., Coalition of Labor Union Women), ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. (Albert Schweitzer Prof. of Humanities, City University of New York), RABBI MARC TANENBAUM (American Jewish Committee), WILLIAM W. WINPISINGER (Inter. Pres., International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers), JERRY WURF (Pres., American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees). Institutional affiliation for identification purposes only.



## ART «» ENTERTAINMENT

## In Plain Russian

By Vladimir Voinovich  
Translated by Richard Lourie  
Farrar, Straus and Giroux,  
\$11.95

By Kenneth Harper

In his previously translated books, *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* and *The Ivankiad*, and now with *In Plain Russian*, Voinovich revels in humor, for which he has paid certain official consequences. In 1974 he was expelled from the Soviet Writers Union. The next year he was apparently poisoned by the KGB. (Voinovich has written a humorous account of this in *Kontinent 2*, an emigre publication appearing in English.)

*In Plain Russian* is a book of stories. Full of missed opportunities, daily follies and compassion, these stories illuminate a life not of barbed wire camps but of villages, not of sanguinary villains but loud-mouthed, paranoid fools, not of "the oppressed" but of people who feel the weight of daily life. Some of them, thanks to Voinovich, can laugh and make us laugh too.

The opening story is told by a construction supervisor, a man whose career has been anything but exemplary, faced with choosing promotion and glory or refusing to turn over a sloppily built apartment complex until necessary repairs are made. To get the materials required to finish the job, he has to devise methods of keeping the superintendent of supplies on the telephone. The superintendent, who never has what anyone requests anyway, answers his phone by saying he is not there and hangs up. During Krushchev's tenure this story and its ironic resolution put Voinovich in the official doghouse for the first time.

The stories get better as the book goes along. The best, "From an Exchange of Letters," purportedly alludes to Russia's "romance" with Czechoslovakia. A young soldier meets a female pen pal from a distant part of the Soviet Union. A ludicrously swashbuckling, virginal soldier has a rendezvous with an older—much older—woman who has her mother and teenage son to take care of. The soldier, Altinnick, gets what he wants; the woman, Ludmilla, gets what she wants—and everyone ends up chortlingly miserable.

Voinovich's writing has been compared with Gogol's, with Mikhail Zoshchenko (a Russian comic writer who died in 1958), and with Ilf and Petrov, a Russian team of comic writers. But Voinovich, whose father was Serbian and whose mother was Jewish, does not export "the Slavic panacea" (Mother Russia saving us all in her soulful embrace) as did Gogol or, for that matter, as Solzhenitsyn does now.

There is a wisdom in Voinovich's work, a controlled vision that laughs with as well as at. His criticisms of governmental stupidity are emphatic but he never



## Strange Things Happen Here

• Reviews of Recent International Fiction •

points a didactic finger. Voinovich has none of the pamphleteer-evangelist that crops up in Solzhenitsyn.

Above all else these stories are populated by likeable people. Five stories that Voinovich categorizes as "autobiographical" are more like character sketches, vignettes reflecting Russian army life, which is every bit as cockeyed as its American counterpart, private for private, sergeant for sergeant, officer for officer. (I say this as an ex-G.I.)

Four open letters written to various branches of the government are printed at the end of the book. In a letter to a clique of literary officialdom, "The Brigantine Literary Club," Voinovich says "In general, the true reader is...the one who does not divide the books he reads into the Soviet and anti-Soviet, but into the good and the bad, the true and the false. A reader who devours good books either cries or laughs with

them and accumulates intelligence, goodness, and compassion for others."

Kenneth Harper is a writer in rural Massachusetts.

### Secret Rendezvous

By Kobo Abe, trans. Juliet Winters Carpenter  
Alfred A. Knopf, \$9.95.

By Kenneth Harper

Kobo Abe, at 55 years old, is considered Japan's foremost contemporary writer, a master prose stylist who is also a highly regarded playwright. Americans familiar with the film *Woman in the Dunes* may know that it was adapted from Abe's novel of the

same name. Themes of alienation, cultural dispossession and the search for identity imbue Abe's work. Even more crucial is the need his characters have to recognize the humane in a world rudely distorted by human beings themselves.

*Secret Rendezvous* concerns a man whose wife disappears after being taken from their house—by an ambulance no one called. The man's otherwise comfortable, "happy" life as a moderate, prosperous salesman of athletic equipment is disrupted and then dissolved by the bizarre, obsessively violent world of the hospital he assumes his wife is being "treated" at.

But the hospital is an institution where the dying are revived only to die again; and again revived in order to die once more, ad infinitum. In the novel, institutional, societal cruelties are rational, systematic, specialized. Such refined barbarism assumes

a ritualistic importance for bored, impotent functionaries.

The novel is in part the unravelling of the surface mystery—the wife's disappearance—and in part the vilification of contemporary life that has no value not transmuted by science in collusion with sybaritic, consumer technology. Life within the hospital is precise confusion—events with causes but no reasons; explanations but no answers. The nameless city is somewhere in Japan, but it could just as easily be Atlanta, Frankfurt, Brasilia—cities billed as clean, efficient, "progressive."

The man cannot find his wife. Instead, he rescues another prisoner of the hospital, a bed-ridden, 13-year-old girl who was the "result" of a rape committed by the assistant director and subsequently hidden away. The girl suffers from an unusual disease: her bones are "shrinking." She will assume any shape she is placed in since she has lost an internal structure to support her. As the man escapes with the girl into a shaft beneath the hospital, he must constantly touch her for her to retain a human form.

The man suspects he has seen his wife again. Perhaps. But she has been so transformed that she is no longer immediately recognizable. At least by him. He has been so shaken by the workings of the hospital, the only certainty he grasps is that some day he will die.

Much of the allure to *Secret Rendezvous* comes from Abe's unusual clarity, which offsets and softens otherwise unbelievable surrealism. Abe is not without a certain sense of humor either. At various times in the novel, the protagonist mentions in asides the wondrous gym shoes he has on, that enable him to run faster, jump higher—than anyone else caught in an inescapable situation.

Although Abe graduated from medical school, he offers no placebos and little relief. His novels are not filled with "so it goes" nostrums. The type of engagement he brings to the printed page makes *Secret Rendezvous* worthwhile reading. ■

### McCarthy's List

By Mary Mackey  
Doubleday, \$10.00

By Valerie Miner

Rinda Sue McCarthy is a nice kid from Indianapolis who goes to Radcliffe, consorts with the wrong types, gets locked up in a mental hospital for seven years, escapes to kill 12 people and is, at the beginning of the book, awaiting her execution in the jail of Cabrito, Mexico for a crime she did not commit.

Mary Mackey, the author of this mad comic novel, also left Indianapolis for Radcliffe. Otherwise, Mackey bears a closer resemblance to Mark Twain, to whom she is related by blood (the Clemens of Kentucky) as well as by ink. Her hero, Rinda Sue McCarthy, has as much spunk as

Continued on page 20.



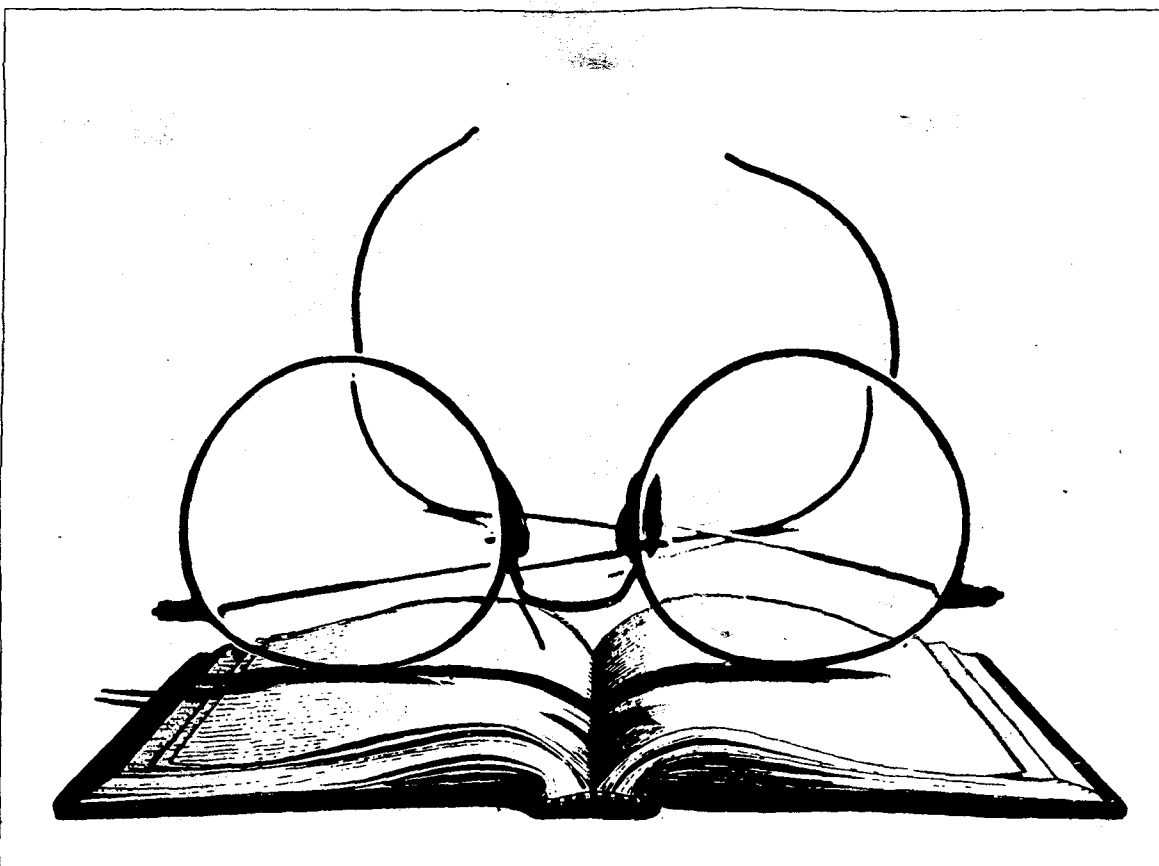
Continued from page 19.

Tom Sawyer and quite a bit more imagination.

McCarthy's list is a hit list of the misogynists who have brought trial and pain into Rinda's young life. The list is given to Rinda by her grandmother, Molly O'Malley, an avid fan of Senator Joe McCarthy. But liberal, liberated Rinda is quite the opposite of the late senator. She is a witch on the hunt.

How refreshing to find a feminist novel where villains, rather than the women, become the victims. McCarthy's list includes Johnny Miller, who cheats Rinda at strip poker in childhood; Rickey Long, who rapes Rinda on the way to the senior prom; Hobart Rankin, a Harvard fullback, who first refuses Rinda's flirtation and then leaves her on her own to find an abortionist; Dr. Leonard Frost, a gynecologist with cold fingers; Frederick Loren, D.D.S., who seduces Rinda with laughing gas; and Elliot Lowell, a professor of sentimental novels who manifests a peculiar fondness for very young girls.

Rinda Sue McCarthy's list of rotters keeps growing. Before she has a chance to do anything about it, she is diagnosed as schizophrenic and committed to a mental hospital. When she escapes in 1970, she runs into the Rocky Mountain Battalion of the American People's Liberation Army who try to explain what happened during the '60s. They can't believe she doesn't know about Vietnam or Kent State. She defines Black Panther as "a four



footed feline that lives in Africa, although whether East or West Africa I couldn't say offhand." She is equally oblivious about Janis Joplin, The Weather Underground, Woodstock, the Beatles, Che Guevara, Abbie Hoffman and Jimi Hendrix.

Once Rinda begins to knock off the men on her list, she finds plenty of sisterly accomplices. For instance when she plots the death of Elliot Lowell, patriarchal English professor, in Harvard's Widener Library, she gets a little help from her literary friends. "Charles Dickens was a creep! Little Nell shouted, clenching her tiny fist and waving it in the air. Ophelia and Lady Macbeth gave Shakespeare the raspberry while Jane Austen made an obscene gesture with her umbrella. In another corner O. and Justine were busy burning their black leather handcuffs, while Constance Chatterley fanned the fire."

The one person on McCarthy's List who survives is a woman, Ida Wackhurst Dater, Rinda's tyrannical dancing teacher. In the end, Rinda has a soft spot for the old lady. Ironically, it is for Miss Dater's murder that Rinda is scheduled to be executed. But the Cabrito police do not reckon on the intervention of Rinda's friend Rose La Rose, head of the Ladies' Mafia.

Mackey's writing is wacky, zany, slapstick. Her concerns are liberation from rigid definitions of gender and sanity. The story of Rinda Sue McCarthy's single-minded battle against the men who done her wrong is interpreted with intrigue, imagination and superb wit.

Valerie Miner is co-author of *Tales I Tell My Mother and Her Own Woman*.

## Strange Things Happen Here

By Luisa Valenzuela, Helen Lane translator  
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$9.95.

By Kenneth Harper

The "here" alluded to in the title is Argentina. But strange things happen in each of Luisa Valenzuela's 26 short stories and the novel comprising this book. Valenzuela, a 38 year old Argen-

tine, writes with ferocious, comic effect. The book is full of the ironies and cruel humor likely to be found in a country where at least 2665 people are known to have "officially" disappeared and as many as 15,000 may have been unofficially taken away since a military coup seized power three years ago.

In the title story, "Guys from the interior...come out from under the pavement in the streets and that's where they still are and who knows what they're looking for, though we do know that they leave holds in the streets, those enormous potholes they come out of that can't ever be filled in."

Pedro and Mario, two young, chronically unemployed friends like to think of themselves as sharp-eyed and on the make. They bide their time and cautiously lift a brief abandoned on a cafe chair. Luggage in hand, they stylishly blend in at another cafe, a student hangout. What's next? A sport coat weighted down by a wallet. What luck! But then the police arrive, frisking students, demanding ID's, maintaining law and order on a quiet afternoon. A fleeing student drops a wrapped package at Mario's feet. Another gift? A bomb? Worse still—a banned book? He foregoes curiosity to smile at the police.

Just enough money in the newly found wallet covers a meal of sausages and wine. Tipsy, they leave the cafe, carefully forget the briefcase, drop the sport coat on a parked car, and, before going to bed, plunk the wrapped package in a garbage can. Real or imagined, an explosion wakes Mario in the night before another workday without a job.

Valenzuela's Argentina has sound sleepers, though. The Leader in "The Gift of Words" declaims so sonorously he puts himself to sleep. His literally captive audience in the plaza below waits for him to rouse himself. An empty stomach rumbles as pigeons circle above, anointing whom they may. Those fortunate enough to be shit on become Ministers of State. This, however, becomes an outdated selection process when the last of the pigeons is eaten by the hungry populace. Breeding aseptic rats is proposed as an economical solution to the food problem.

### Self-conscious style.

The stories benefit from brevity, the economy of words upending polite assumptions, full impact absorbed a half-second after reading. The novel goes on, admittedly for only 130 pages, but

not with the same insistence as the stories. It records a mythic, psychological journey of an analyst who crosses over from the world of logic in search of the miraculous. Although laced with stunning images the novel's self-conscious experiments in style detract, even detour, from the book's themes.

Valenzuela writes acerbically. But such bitterness is palatable. Doris Lessing complained in her novel *The Golden Notebook* that fiction "has become an outpost of journalism; we read novels for information about areas of life we don't know—Nigeria, South Africa, the American army...We read to find out what is going on." Such fiction, she says, lacks an essential dimension and ends up a narrated, dramatic Baedeker.

This is not the case in *Strange Things Happen Here*. The voice of what happens is heard, yet in various counterparts other voices resist oppression, fear and empathize. Luis Valenzuela is on equal footing with any of her more publicized Argentine contemporaries—Borges, Julio Cortazar, Manuel Puig.

## Burger's Daughter

By Nadine Gordimer  
Viking Press, \$10.95.

By Martha Rosen

*Burger's Daughter* is a novel about Rosa Burger, a young South African woman who is the daughter of a pair of famous communist workers against apartheid. The title refers to her especially in relationship to her father, the sort of political prisoner about whom Amnesty International might circulate petitions. It's a very good novel.

The book is set in the world of people who have spent their lives fighting against apartheid, and it takes for granted the evils of the South African system to the extent its characters do. (It is, however, especially chilling in its description of the elaborate, although not impermeable, security measures fending in these people's lives.) The novel ends with heroine and country suspended on the brink of revolution. The book is true to the facts, at least to the extent that Gordimer, herself a white South African, knows that Rosa's life cannot be resolved un-

til South Africa's situation is.

Rosa Burger is the daughter of a father who has died in prison and a mother who happens to have died out of prison; the book suggests that the situation could easily have been reversed. She leaves South Africa and then returns. Her departure is a belated rebellion, put off first so she can visit her father in prison and later while she looks for a person who is sympathetic to her but also has the right kind of pull to get her a passport.

In South Africa she can never escape being Burger's daughter, with both her friends and her enemies interpreting her actions as relating in some way to the struggle against apartheid. Even her silence about what she is doing is assumed to be on instruction. Rebellion against that pressure of expectation is impossible within South Africa, for it would mean cooperating with an unbearable system.

Thus she leaves, with the modest hope of experiencing life as ordinary people do. Following a meeting with an expatriate black man whom she knew as a child, she returns to South Africa. He challenges her lifelong sense of safety and morality as one of 'the faithful.' She finds she cannot live with herself except in South Africa.

What little color and warmth the South African scenes portray is centered on the person of Rosa's father and in the black people she knows. Outside, especially outside her father's shielding warmth, South Africa is an emotional desert for Rosa.

The South of France scenes, on the other hand, read like an Impressionist painting looks. Everything is an explosion of color, taste, texture. It is an enchanting world, complete with a sexy French leftist lover.

Nonetheless it is rejected in its fullest bloom, not with the disgust of a puritan, but with a simple acceptance of self. Rosa finds that she cannot check out of South Africa, even though to accept herself she must leave the sensual world Europe offers her. Indeed, there is the implication that the depth of the sensual awakening she experiences in Europe gives her the corresponding depth of anger at the black man's challenge to her and thus the recognition of her need to return.

At one point in the book South Africa is described as a land with real heroes. Rosa is an unemphatic sort of heroine. In the end, when she is indefinitely detained following the Soweto riots, it is unclear whether she has done anything beyond taking up the witness of living in her country. We may infer that she has been active in some way, but little attention is paid to the dynamics and activities of struggle. What little clandestine activity we do see seems more makeshift than noble.

There is something Candide-like to the resolution. It is not the best of all possible worlds, but Rosa has nonetheless chosen to cultivate her garden in it, in full knowledge of the fact that she may eventually be rejected by the true inheritors of the soil.

But it is an unarguable choice. To that extent Gordimer has created a believable world and a believable heroine. The book gives a sense of human possibility in its portrayal of the spirit that it takes to live with not much more than ordinary decency in an extraordinary situation. ■  
*Martha Rosen is a Minneapolis writer.*

## The Buying & Selling of Standing Up & Sitting Down

Behold the man who runs down the street at dawn through the powdery snow in January.

Ten years ago he ran a highway through your neighborhood.

Watch him now his scarlet fifty-dollar sneakers flashing up and down in the cold foam his piston calves wiry and chapped his emerald satin shorts gleaming in the corroded winter light his arms pumping away hear his solar plexus and worst—his head thrown back as if from a blow face red with effort eyes rolled up blindly in terror.

He is having an Energy Crisis.

O Health! he thinks. Where is my proper element? The snow is like fire at my ankles under my feet the cement shifts like sand at the ocean's edge the poisoned air cuts through my lungs like weapons.

He will collapse, of course. And mechanically massage constricted heart and brow at home, awaiting springtime and further instruction.

As he writes—voluminous detailed copy now on Self & Significant Other in Inner City Neighborhoods—So does he read.

And for each tendon, each delicate bit of cartilage, each finely differentiated cell, each synapse, there will be physician, analysis, lesson, publication, product. His very terror shall have its temporary salve. And the motions, large and small, of his fleeing, faraway body shall be brought home again to the marketplace.

—Frieda Gardner



## CONCERT

Serge Gainsbourg was an unlikely candidate for noble gestures.



PHOTOGRAPH BY

# Anti-Semitism as patriotism

By Theo Blomquist

Serge Gainsbourg—the enigmatic delft of what's left of *la chanson française*—is more than the heirs of Marseillaise can stand. For one thing, the 52-year-old singer is Jewish, and being Jewish in France has never been a picnic. See history. See present, for that matter.

For another, "beau Serge" had the terribly un-French cheek to do "Aux armes et cætera" last year—"la Marseillaise" à la reggae. The song, like the album of the same name, was recorded and mixed in Kingston. It was played by the likes of Robbie Shakespeare, Sly Dunbar and Mao Chung. The 1 Threes sang "Aux armes/et cætera" around Gainsbourg's customary talking vocals sensuality. A sweet, tight sound. A smash hit as well.

Nothing like the raw provocation of the Sex Pistols' *God save the queen/she ain't no human being*. Just a fine addition to the 300 or so other versions of the French national anthem, right?

Wrong, declared "New Right" intellectual spokesman Michel Droit in *le Figaro* (pure blood n' patrie) magazine. Noting the "rheumy eyes and drooly lip" of this singer "solely concerned with good business deals," Droit explained that in fact, in being Jewish and perverting the national anthem like that, Gainsbourg himself was inciting the good French people to anti-Semitism. But of course...

Gainsbourg, whose politics and Jewishness had never seemed to have been of much interest to anyone—including himself—stuck it to Droit in a reply on national radio.

## Cancelled concert.

Then came Strasbourg, Jan. 4. Gainsbourg, whose last hit before "Aux armes etc." was a silly disco paean to the Club Mediterranean scene featuring his English actress/singer wife Jane Birkin on orgasmic moans, probably surprised himself with how far he went.

The Jamaicans, the essential ingredients of Peter Tosh's band

*A reggae version of 'la Marseillaise,' done by a Jew and Jamaicans, was too much for some French superpatriots.*

who had played on Gainsbourg's album, had come over to do a little tour with him. They were to play Strasbourg, the town where Rouget de l'Isle first sang his "battle song for the Army of the Rhine in 1792 before it became 'la Marseillaise.'" What better place for the "real French" to take their stand against Gainsbourg's blasphemy?

The authorities received letters. Forbid the concert! "Ginsburg (sic) is one of a group of people who have managed to become well—extremely well—settled in our country; a band where the Kirvines, Cohn-Bendits, Levys and assorted Glucksmanns march to the same tune, dealers in revolution or philosophical soup, a

new legion in which the orders are simple: turn to the French flag, attention, spit!"

The tension mounted. Rumours, Threats. A bomb threat. The day of the concert, the Holiday Inn where Gainsbourg and band were staying had to be evacuated. The National Parachutists Union had been threatening to stop him from "vomiting" his reggae "Marseillaise" in Strasbourg for a week.

A hundred of the "Paras" showed up in spiffy red berets and military order with their little tricoloured leaflet: "Frenchman: Make 'la Marseillaise' respected," it read. Four hundred cops filled the hall.

The Jamaicans told Gains-

bourg that they weren't going on.

## Singing alone.

Towards 9:00, Serge Gainsbourg walked out on to the stage. Alone. Ghostly pale, as ever. Sad. "I would like to tell you that an extreme right group has caused this concert to be cancelled," he said unsteadily. NOISE. "Wait," he continued, trying to control his emotion. "My Jamaican musicians were frightened by the police presence, the bomb alerts..." he added and then turned to face the "Paras" directly before him.

"I have balls too but I'm not going to show them to you. That said, my Jamaicans have their own problems—the problems of Rastas. They're revolutionaries. Me, I remain unconquered. And then suddenly more forceful: "And it is I who have given its original meaning back to 'la Marseillaise.'"

Then, without any musical accompaniment, he raised a clenched fist and began singing the French national anthem. Theirs. The traditional, nonreggae version. The hall went electric. The "Paras" came to perfect attention before him and tried to sing along but it was Gainsbourg who carried the song like he carried the day, polishing the last verses off alone. Offering a good-bye obscene gesture to his ridiculed detractors, he walked off.

And the "Paras," surrounded by a cordon of cops, made their escape. The crowd jeered the retreating platoons. Triumphant emotion. A few chairs flew. Some gas bombs went off, and the hall was emptied.

Perhaps the most beautiful concert of Gainsbourg's long career. But it hurt too. "I'm terribly disappointed," he said immediately after through his tears. "I never expected to be left like that by my Rasta friends."

And what of the Rastas?

"We're from a different country," one was quoted as saying in *Le Matin*—a Parisian daily. "We didn't think it was worth the trouble to risk going on stage for problems that don't concern us."

*Liberation's* Patrick Bertheu spoke with guitarist "Mao" Chung who said he didn't understand. Really. "We have to save our strength for our struggle, the struggle in Kingston's ghettos," Mao added. "Though we respect Serge and his point of view...To each his revolution."

## I CHANGE WORLDS

An autobiography by one of the 20th century's most remarkable journalists

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

In the tradition of Emma Goldman's *Living My Life*, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's *Rebel Girl* and Agnes Smedley's *Daughter of Earth*, *I Change Worlds* is the story of one woman's political odyssey through the tumultuous social history of the twentieth century.

Though it was not her expressed intention, Anna Louise Strong in *I Change Worlds* wrote the best single work on Seattle in one of its most critical periods. Intelligent, sympathetic, flexible, she was a hero for the left and a superb reporter on its heyday in Seattle.

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Sue Davidson, book editor, The Feminist Press

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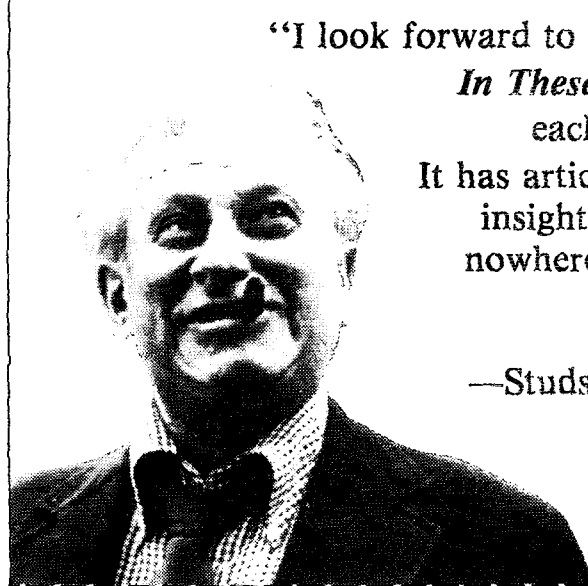
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STT1



## END OF AN ERA

# W.C. Fields' fantasies have come to life

By Harold Meyerson

It is not hard to imagine W.C. Fields, whose centenary was Jan. 29, at 100. He was always the most patriarchal of the great comics (a patriarch in spite of himself, trapped into it at some long forgotten shotgun wedding). His prejudices intensified with age—stinginess, bigotry, paranoia, not to mention misogyny and misopedia. Alone among the master comics, he did his best work near the end of his life.

Patriarchy, of course, is not merely a function of age. Chico Marx was only seven years younger than Fields, but he was always one of the boys, like his brothers—and like Chaplin, Stan Laurel and Burt Lahr—an anarchic outsider free from social ties. But Fields is unimaginable without those ties. They were his curse, his straightman, his career. Like his friend and exact contemporary, Will Rogers, Fields could battle family and society only from within.

Rogers and Fields are the last great henpecked husbands of the genteel tradition they helped to undermine. Comics born a decade later roared their protests at the world. Fields roared only when it was safe, Rogers not at all. Mainly, they mumbled, and in mumbling, captured that moment in the slow death of their 19th century world, where reasonable people who wanted out had to modulate their voices for lack of anywhere else to go.

For Fields, society was never an undifferentiated object of contempt. He had to go on living there amid clucking spinsters, foreclosing bankers and the hundred other threats to his tranquility. It follows that his straightmen—his embodiment of society—were much more clearly delineated than those of Chaplin and the Marx's and the younger comics.

In a Fields movie, not just the comic, but his tormentors, were creations of genius. There was Jan Duggan, who with maniacal intensity serenaded him with six unsolicited choruses of "Gathering Up The Shells By The Seashore, Willie." There was Mr.

*Uncle Willie and Baby LeRoy used to be comic characters. Now they are running for office.*

Muckle, the deaf-blind patron of Fields's grocery who inadvertently but methodically destroyed the light bulb display counter with the flailings of his cane. There was Grady Sutton, the live-in brother-in-law who hadn't worked since coming down with a cold six years earlier.

Fields had to take it all. Sutton came with the marriage; Duggan might have been good for some money; Mr. Muckle might have returned tomorrow to buy another stick of chewing gum. No wonder he mumbled.

## Petty bourgeois.

In both his fears and his fantasies, W.C. Fields was the comic apotheosis of the petty bourgeoisie. His characters have been compared with Dickens's, but his entire social universe was close to that of the great 19th century realists. It was a trap, from which there were only thwarted escapes. He took refuge in momentary rage against the helpless, though he was constrained by fear of discovery. It was OK to kick Baby LeRoy, but only after he was damn sure nobody was looking. He tried to beat the system by plunging into insane business ventures. However much desperation was required to become senior partner in the Beefsteak Mines of Leapfrog, Nev., Fields had it. In the end, there remained only the river of beer, the wild and boozy fantasies.

Fields's life offstage as well as on fell into the cycle of trap and



Alison Skipworth and W.C. Fields in *If I Had a Million*, 1933.

aborted flight. He married young, had a son, ran off never to return—but also never to divorce. Publicly, he would deny he was married. Privately, he would send an absurdly small weekly check to his wife, maintaining over 45 years an extraordinarily bitter correspondence.

Like Jimmy Durante, he often had the feeling that he wanted to go, but also had the feeling that he wanted to stay.

It might not be so easy to envision Fields at 100 after all. For there are no working straightmen around today. The comic's sense of society as something apart from himself is collapsing, the gap between comic and straight has closed. In *Manhattan*, Woody Allen could no longer play a comic part. Indeed he

feared absorption into society and tried to recapture his distance from prevailing values.

Comics are facing the same dilemma that modernist artists tried to confront a few decades ago—to maintain an adversary relationship with a society that has ceased to adhere to any standard beyond the self. Bourgeois self-repression has given way to bourgeois self-indulgence. Straightman and comic cease to be distinguishable. Fields, the most tenaciously selfish comic of them all, is no longer comic but hero, establishment, virtually the powers that be.

When Howard Jarvis burst onto the California scene two years ago, his agent at William Morris tried to interest the studios in filming his life. To play Jarvis, he

modestly suggested they find "someone like Spencer Tracy." But the only actor who could have played Jarvis was Fields, from whose comic prejudices today's social policy is made.

That displaced middle class rage against the helpless that Fields knew was so comically shocking is now the shameless politics of newly desperate people. There need no longer be anything furtive—nor, by extension, anything funny—about kicking the poor, the blind, the old and the young.

Uncle Willie, you've become a political movement.

Baby LeRoy, wherever you are, beware.

Harold Meyerson is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer.

## Goodbye to the good guy

January 10, the last of the Rockford Files episodes aired. This season was pretty much of an anti-climax. James Garner, dogged by bad knees and a bleeding ulcer, had been restrained from quitting only by the contract, and played an increasingly modest role in his own series. By no accident, the program fell out of the Top Ten for this first time in recent memory.

Amid the '70s of the Expose and the Lonely Struggle, Garner charmed us by updating Bogart. (A two-hour episode starring Lauren Bacall underlined the connection, and one of the *National Enquirer* crystal ball-gazers has the two married disastrously and divorced in 1980.) No flashy Sean Connery-Bond, no baroque James Coburn-Flynt, Rockford was just an ex-con working out of a beach trailer, threatened as much by his creditors as by

syndicate hitmen. On his own, he exposed the bureaucracy, favoritism and all-around stupidity of the police and the machinations of the FBI and CIA. He also showed that a handsome private eye does not have to be either chaste or a womanizer. He could give territory or love, lose hard and pay the price for his way of life without a trace of resentment.

Through the homely charm of honest relations, Garner and his award-winning supporting cast erected a love-totem for hard times. The characters around him—growing larger as the series moved from straight detective action to a kind of social drama—are marked by enormous empathy, and by irremediable flaws. Police Lt. Dennis Becker (Joe Santos) is perverted by his occupation.

Lawyer Beth Davenport (Gretchen Corbett) has the

emotional limitations imposed upon so many women desperately struggling in their professions. Hustler Angel Martin (Stuart Margolis) is ruined by the toll of street life. Even retired teamster "Rocky" (Noah Beery), the kindly father, is so anxious to see his son in a more respectable line of work that he becomes a kvetch.

Rockford knows they can't change. His philosophy of life and friendship is to take every risk except the personal egoism that would separate him from them, the leaven of daily existence. In a world where personal relations are universally strained and threatened, this is no small thing. Rockford Files kept us entertained, but also gave us clues on how to live.

So long, folks.

—MaryJo Buhle  
—Paul Buhle

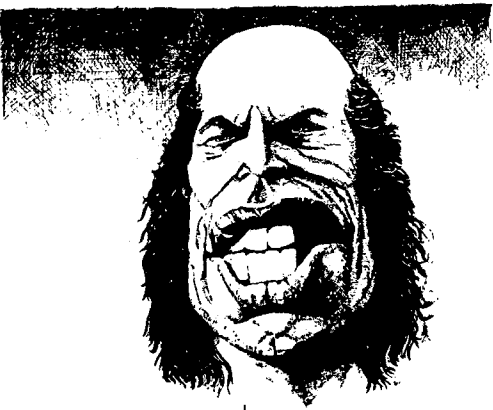
## CULTURE SHOCK

### NEW WEST WEEKEND

For the successful businessman who fancies an old-west style party, the Texas company Ryon's is willing to arrange a "Western Weekend." A private professional rodeo, musical concert and barbecue, as well as chartered jet service all over the U.S. to pick up the guests comes to only \$250,000.

### DOES THIS MEAN THE '60S ARE OVER?

*Rolling Stone* now carries ads to "regenerate" and "regrow" hair on balding men.





## FILM

## To the heart of hype



By Pat Aufderheide

"The Marlboro Man meets Barbara Walters." That's how Director Sydney Pollack conceptualized *The Electric Horseman*.

That's what it looks like, too—a flashy concept in search of a movie. Robert Redford is the Man and Jane Fonda is Babe. They meet when he, one-time

cowboy and now cereal huckster, rides out of Las Vegas on a thoroughbred race horse. They expose for us that Las Vegas is an essay in greed and excess and that corporations don't care about animals.

But then *The Electric Horseman*, which underwent six scriptwriters' worth of changes, isn't supposed to be profound. "Our attempt is to make a romantic comedy," Pollack explained in *American Film* during production. "Not in a broad sense, but a light romantic piece. Every time we start bearing down on a message we back off. It

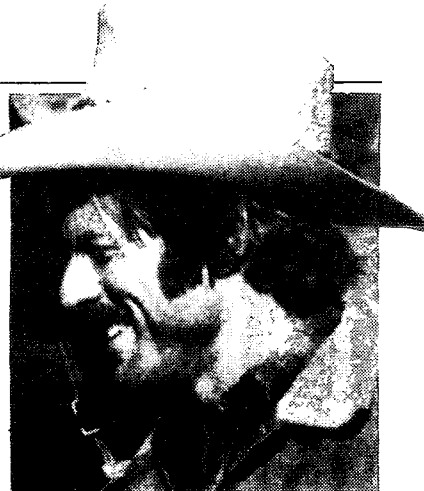
didn't start out that way. It was originally much heavier. But that's so pretentious."

Is it as pretensions as boldly revealing that advertisers take symbols of nature and virility (horse, cowboy) and bend them unnaturally (lights, drugs) to serve artificial ends (selling cereals and bank mergers)? "We've gone to the heart of the place," boasts Pollack about Las Vegas. And what is the heart of a facade?

*The Electric Horseman* picks such easy targets to attack that attacking them looks like condescension to the audience.

Media hype and advertising are both lies, superficially charming and economically important. But this movie discovers first that familiar truth and then an escape hatch—that real men run away to the mountains, to be free. I hear an echo.

Once again, the new-style heroine is a news woman. Fonda's Hallie Martin is crispier than in *The China Syndrome* and much less likeable. She warms up just enough to add a gloss of plausibility to the romance that is what the movie, without something to say, supposedly has going for it.



On the other hand, there is that Utah scenery. And there is the easygoing charm of Robert Redford, who has a traditional role to play and plays it very well.

But it's not enough. There should have been a movie here. Instead there are platitudes, hype and images—just what the electric horseman was supposed to be all worked up about.

## Into the brain with ads

By Rose K. Goldsen

Images, jingles and slogans register themselves in the mind automatically. We don't have to pay attention to learn them and no effort of the will is involved. Recent research into the way the brain remembers things is beginning to cast light on some of the mechanisms involved and advertisers are busy trying to turn these findings to their own advantage.

A pioneer in these efforts is Herbert Krugman, who heads consumer research on behalf of General Electric. At the 1979 annual meeting of the Advertising Research Foundation, Krugman

explained to his colleagues how he tracks the pathway a television commercial takes through the brain.

## Right brain, left brain.

The brain's two hemispheres, he said, process information in very different ways. The left hemisphere specializes in language, deliberative thought and logic. It's on the job when we're alert and paying attention, conversing, reading, thinking things through systematically or making judgments. The right hemisphere is involved in pattern-recognition and specializes in images, music and rhythms. Its mode of thinking is intuitive and non-linear. It

deals with wholes, not details. It involves associations, feelings and emotions, not logic. "Intentional learning takes place in the left brain and incidental learning in the right brain," said Krugman.

Krugman reported tests he has made, recording and measuring brainwave activity as viewers watch GE commercials focussing on the contributions of Thomas Edison.

On camera, they see an actor in the role of Edison. The set reproduces his turn-of-the-century laboratory. As viewers scan these images, their brainwave activity comes mainly from the right hemisphere. Edison begins ex-

plaining his invention of the lightbulb and at his words, brainwave activity switches. Now emissions come mainly from the brain's left lobe. The actor's voice changes as he begins to speak of the many new inventions that will surely improve the lot of humankind. He waxes lyrical about radio waves that leap the oceans' barriers, knowing no limits of time and space. As he paints these word pictures, the brainwave machine again registers electrical signals coming mainly from the right lobe.

Now an explanatory text is superimposed on the screen. At this, viewers' reactions diverge. Some read the words, and when they do, electrical impulses are registered from the brain's left lobe—the language lobe. Others just note the streamer without bothering to decipher it. Their

brainwave activity continues to come mainly from the right lobe—the image lobe.

Only one speaker at the conference suggested these findings might raise some legal and ethical questions—Joseph Smith, president of the Oxtoby-Smith agency in New York. I read one report that characterized his speech as "brilliantly humorous." He wondered whether regulatory agencies and the law might begin to question the broadcaster's unrestricted right to reach viewers through television images that can be slipped into conscious thought. His conclusion reassured his colleagues. Regulators might not like the idea, he said, but he's pretty sure that God approves.

Rose Goldsen is a professor of sociology at Cornell University.

## CLASSIFIED

## PUBLICATIONS

**STOP THE ARMS RACE** in outer space. Join Citizens For Space Demilitarization, \$5.00 or send stamped envelope for sample newsletter Space For All People. CFSO, 550 B Moultrie, San Francisco, Ca. 94110.

**HUCKSTERS IN THE CLASSROOM**, by Sheila Harty, is a detailed report on market practices directed at the world's largest captive audience—school children. Citing examples of ideological bias and blatant product advertising, this report provides extensive evidence of commercial exploitation through curricula. Under the guise of "public service," corporate industry is courting teachers and school systems with free teaching aids that promote brand names and vested ideologies. The report urges closer evaluation of industry materials and further use of alternative sources for balance. It is available from the Center for Responsive Law, P.O. Box 19337, Washington, D.C. 20036. \$20.00 for corporations and \$10.00 for educators.

**ERNE KOVACS**, Edward Bellamy, flying saucers, leadore Duncan, B. Kliban, Shaker paintings, horror movies, Walt Kelly, women's erotic films, HP Lovecraft, O. Henry, the blues, Mel Blanc, old-time radio drama, the Three Stooges, Lord

Buckley, Bugs Bunny, only some of the subjects in the special Surrealist Number of *Cultural Correspondence*. 120 pp, many pictures, documents include Breton, Cesaire, Artaud. Single copy, \$3. Subscription, \$7.50 (four numbers). c/o Dorrwar Bookstore, 224 Thayer St., Providence, RI 02906.

**FOOD NEWS**. If you're serious about the politics of food, you need the **COMMUNITY NUTRITION INSTITUTE's** weekly newsletter. Monitors issues from farm to table. Write Box T, C.N.I. Weekly Report, 1146 19th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

**ANTI-PSYCHIATRY** Bibliography. Over 90 mini-reviews from a socialist/feminist/mental patients liberation perspective. \$2 from Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients, 1427 Walnut, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

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FREIHEIT's approach different than that of most other Anglo-Jewish publications—and you'll admire its progressive, anti-establishment viewpoint. Subscription rate: \$8.00 per year (sample copy on request). Send check or M/O with name and address to MORNING FREIHEIT, 22 W. 21st Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. TRY IT; YOU'LL LIKE IT!

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"TEN STRONG REASONS for PUBLIC OWNERSHIP of the ENERGY INDUSTRIES," a new pamphlet by labor professor Harry Kelber. Also describes how to nationalize them. Send \$1 to STRAIGHT TALK PAMPHLETS, Box 1059, Grand Central P.O., New York 10017 for minimum order of three copies.

## ORGANIZATIONS

FOR A COOPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH IN MINNESOTA, contact the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Association, 3200 Chicago Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55407

**CORPUS**—National Association Resigned/Married Priests: Box 2649, Chicago 60690.

**THE GENERATION AFTER** is an organization dedicated to ensuring that the Holocaust not be repeated or forgotten. Its members are children of survivors, and other Jews and non-Jews, concerned with the "struggle against inhumanity, tyranny and all vestiges of the Nazi scourge." For information write: THE GENERATION AFTER, 2747 Throop Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10469. Tel. (212) 231-5456.

## BOOKS

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## EVENTS

**ANTIDRAFT TEACH INS**: The U.S. Student Association is sponsoring nationwide teach-ins opposing reinstitution of the draft and a more interventionist U.S. foreign policy. National Antidraft Teach-In Project speakers feature former draft resisters, deserters, Vietnam veterans, antiwar activist men and women of the Vietnam generation. For details contact: Jack Colhoun, c/o USSA, 1220

G St., SE, Washington, DC, 20003 or call (202) 546-5672 after 12 noon.

**WOMEN ALOUD**: Workshops for women who want to increase spoken clarity and confidence, especially in political and workplace settings. Supportive, non-competitive area. San Francisco Bay Area. For winter schedule: (415) 457-4453, 10-5; P.O. Box 6358, San Francisco, CA 94101.

## FOR SALE

**ANTI-NUCLEAR FUNDRAISERS**: books, t-shirts, buttons, bumperstickers, posters, records (wholesale). Movement-produced, Union-made. Lowcost custom printing available. Donnelly/Colt, Box 271-IT, New Vernon, N.J. 07976. (201) 538-6676.

## TRAVEL

**ITALY POLITICAL STUDY TRIP**  
ROME: PCI & DC nat. rep's;  
BOLOGNA: agri. co-op—city services;  
VENICE: Biennale dir.—sem. "saving Venice";  
TORINO: FIAT "robots"—CIGL labor rep's;  
June 6-June 21, \$1195 from Chi., \$1110 from NYC. Option to stay longer. Contact Roberta Garner, chairperson, Sociology Dept., DePaul Univ., 2323 Seminary, Chicago, IL 60614.

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# Bookends

## Our—and your—favorite books in the last decade

"Don't look back," Satchel Paige used to say. "Something might be gaining on you."

As we thought over our favorite books of the '70s, *In These Times* editors and contributors began to suspect that something was—the books we meant to read. Nonetheless we drew up our lists of books that were important to us over the last decade, some of us sticking to the traditional ten more faithfully than others of us.

We left you space to tell us what your favorites were. Let us know.

### Studs Terkel

The books that come to mind first are Ronald Blythe's *The View in Winter*—an exquisite study of old age in these times; of course, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—no further comment needed; James Cameron, *Point of Departure*; one of the best autobiographies in years. He is a British journalist who has elevated the level of journalistic writing and thought, and the book gives a good picture of events that have shaped our lives in the last 40 years.

Carey McWilliams' autobiography *The Education of Carey McWilliams*, a fine picture of a stubborn American radical; Barry Lopez, *Of Wolves and Men*, a new look at the scapegoat, who reflects part of ourselves; Colin Turnbull's *The Mountain People*, a reflection of the Ik in all of us.

Grace Paley's short stories—she has an incomparable ear and eye, a marvelous comic view—in the noblest sense—of city life; and the short stories of Flannery O'Connor, with her apocalyptic view of our species.

### James Weinstein

Ousmane Sembene, *God's Bits of Wood*  
Burt Cochran, *Labor and American Communism*  
Peggy Dennis, *Autobiography of an American Communist*  
Richard Wright, *American Hunger*  
B. Traven, *The Jungle Novels (The Carreta, Government, The General from the Jungle, The March to Caobaland, The Rebellion of the Hanged)*  
Eugene Genovese, *Roll, Jordan, Roll*  
Studs Terkel, *Talking to Myself*  
T. Harry Williams, *Huey Long*  
E.L. Doctorow, *Ragtime*  
*The Recipes of the Grotta Azzura*

### Pat Aufderheide

Here are a few from the wealth of books that animated my '70s. For different reasons they all became beat-up and loaned-out and part of my home. Here they are:

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*; Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* (can I help it if it became a cult book?); Elsa Morante, *History: A Novel*, which extends magical realism to its WWII Italian working class protagonists.

Roland Barthes, *Mythologies*, which set new standards for social insights in short essays; Raymond Williams, *The Country and the City*, a rich and specific essay on the cultural construction of literature; James Monaco, *How to Read a Film*, an ever-useful introduction to the medium; James Roy MacBean, *Film and Revolution*, snappy, current film

analysis; Martin Jay, *The Dialectical Imagination*, an excellent down-to-earth history of the Frankfurt School.

Studs Terkel, *Working*, with its vivid contemporary portraits; Hunter Thompson, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, journalism for the Age of Psychosis; Dorothy Dinnerstein, *The Mermaid and the Minotaur*, a courageous and terrifying essay on sex roles; Marshall Sahlins, *Stone Age Economics*, anthropological essays that deftly reopened the question of cultural construction of economic reality (by, among other things, showing that hunters and gathers were "the original affluent society").

### John Judis

These are the 10 American non-fiction books I learned most from.

There were surprisingly few cogent analyses of the traumas American and world capitalism experienced in the '70s. The best were by the Belgian Marxist Ernest Mandel (*Late Capitalism, The Second Slump*). Among American authors, I was most impressed by Fred Block's *The Origins of International Economic Disorder*, James O'Connor's *The Fiscal Crisis of the State*, and Barry Commoner's *The Poverty of Power*. Gabriel and Joyce Kolko's *Limits of Power* arduously, but informatively, documented the assumptions that shaped American foreign policy from 1945 to 1954 and beyond.

There were also a few memorable analyses of the political fragmentation of the '70s. Perhaps the best—Walter Dean Burnham's *Critical Elections*—was written in the late '60s and published in 1970.

Among the many books inspired by the women's movement, my favorites were two early ones, Eli Zaretsky's *Capitalism, the Family, and Personal Life* and Shulamith Firestone's *Dialectics of Sex*.

Pauline Kael's *Reeling*, a collection of her *New Yorker* reviews, and Griel Marcus's *Mystery Train*, a study of rock n' roll, were my favorite works of cultural criticism. (Morris Dickstein's *Gates of Eden* deserves honorable mention.)

No book managed to penetrate the intersection of world economic stagnation and personal malaise that characterized the '70s, but Christopher Lasch's *The Culture of Narcissism* asked some penetrating questions about the malaise.

### David Moberg

These '70s books, drawn from an idiosyncratic range all moved me, informed me and, best of all, gave me a new way of seeing the world.

Among novels there were Gabriel Garcia Marquez' *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and William Kotzwinkle's *Fata Morgana*, a convoluted, amusing and titillating romp. B.S. Johnson's *See the Old Lady Decently* combined

the impossible—left-wing politics, working-class culture, comedy, linguistic richness and startling formal innovation. Frank O'Hara's *Collected Poems*, reflecting earlier work, not only summed up the late American master, whose work was full of wit, grace and bounce, but continued to exercise an energizing influence.

*Alienation: Marx's View of Man in Capitalist Society* by Bertell Ollman was not just a summary of Marx but also a strong argument that is almost as interesting as the original. In *Ways of Seeing* John Berger offered a brilliant, simple essay on art, society and art-and-society. Jean Piaget's *Structuralism* kept the best of that intellectual tendency, threw out the worst and indirectly advanced Marx's work. Marshall Sahlins' *Stone Age Economics* provocatively challenged a lot of popular anthropological assumptions.

For an all-encompassing view of how America has been changing it was impossible to beat Godfrey Hodgson's *America in Our Time*. *Labor and Monopoly Capital* by Harry Braverman detailed how work has been degraded and why. And Herbert Gutman in *Work, Culture and Society* offered a rethinking of America's past and some of the early resistance to that degradation. Finally, Barry Commoner's *Poverty of Power* did more than any other publication to offer a socialist vision of the energy issues at the heart of current capitalist upheavals.

### Florence Levinsohn

After loud proclamations in the '60s that the novel was dead, the '70s brought new life and vigor, perhaps the most seen since the '40s, to the supposed corpse.

From Latin America came translations of the work of three great writers. From Gabriel Garcia Marquez came what are probably the two most important works of the past 50 years, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. Marquez' Latin compatriots, Mario Vargas Llosa and Manuel Puig, share his surrealist vision of corruption and evil laced with a hearty dose of cheerfulness. The best for my taste were Puig's *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and *The Green House* by Vargas Llosa.

From England came a stream of social novels, traditional in style but sweetly crafted, by Margaret Drabble, the best of which was *The Needle's Eye*. From South Africa Nadine Gordimer gave us her best book,

*Burger's Daughter*; and V.S. Naipul gave us *A Bend in the River*.

Joseph Heller's *Something Happened* was my favorite American novel of the '70s. Saul Bellow produced what is probably the best book of his oeuvre, *Humboldt's Gift*. John Hawkes produced three stunning books of the '70s, the best of which was *The Blood Oranges*. And Toni Morrison, while traditional in her style, wrote beautifully of the experience of black women in *Sula* and *Song of Solomon*.

Stanley Elkin, the best of the black humorists, gave us the wonderfully funny tale of the vicissitudes of being dead, *The Living End*. Bernard Malamud's *Dubin's Lives* was as good as anything he has ever written. And Philip Roth, after a series of disasters, ended the decade with a book that proved that he had moved from a grandstander to a grand story teller—*The Ghost Writer*.

The best novel of 1979 and one of the best of the decade was William Styron's *Sophie's Choice*, which graphically describes the confluence of individual and mass madness, the madness of a schizophrenic and that of the Nazis.

I must add to this list of favorite novels of the '70s one more book because it meant so much to me—*The Letters of William Faulkner*, edited by Joseph Blotner.

### Lee Aitken

Daniel Martin, John Fowles  
*A Dance to the Music of Time*, Anthony Powell  
*Parade's End*, Ford Maddox Ford  
*The Complete Stories*, Flannery O'Connor  
*Pentimento*, Lillian Hellman  
*The Painted Word*, Tom Wolfe  
*Gravity's Rainbow*, Thomas Pynchon  
*Doonesbury Chronicles*, Garry Trudeau  
*Humboldt's Gift*, Saul Bellow  
*Surfacing*, Margaret Atwood

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